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KAREN KELLOGG

Exclusive Pin-up Gallery ★ Features on Judy Grable, Anne Casey, Penny Banner

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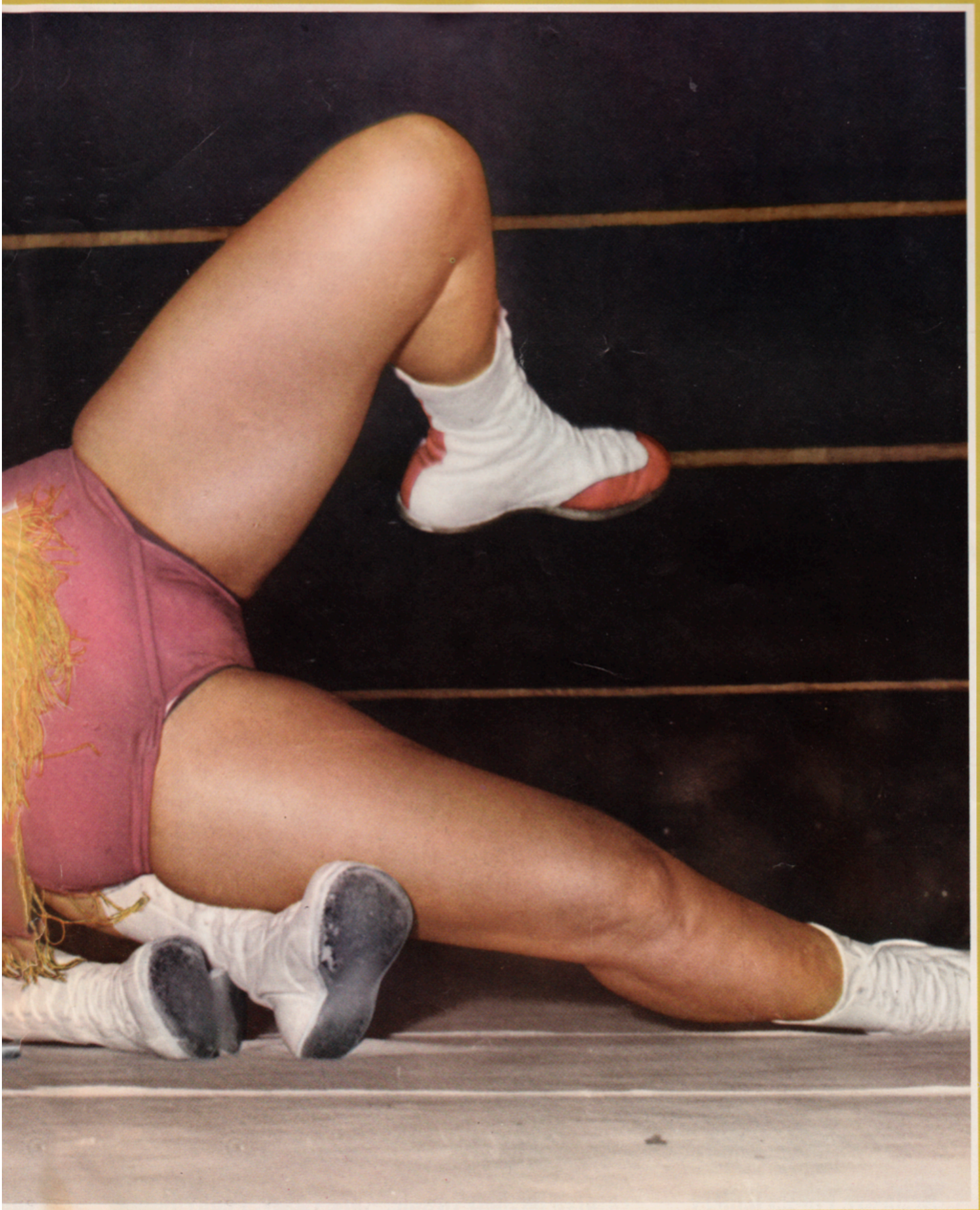
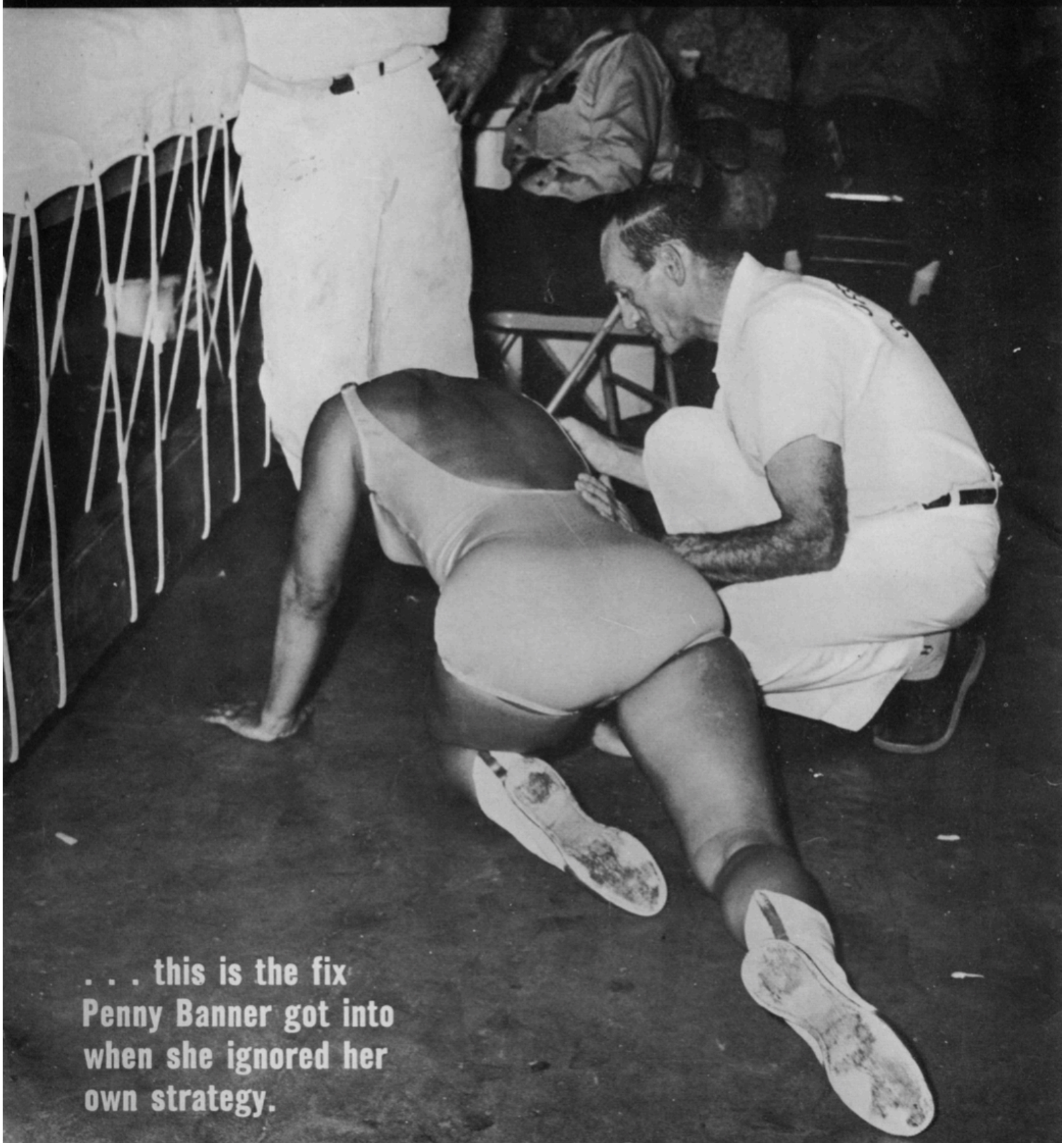
GIRL WRESTLING PIN-UP SERIES NO. 1



PENNY BANNER (down) AND NELL STEWART

A Penny without a head . . .



. . . this is the fix Penny Banner got into when she ignored her own strategy.

For the down-to-earth details, turn to page 34 . . .

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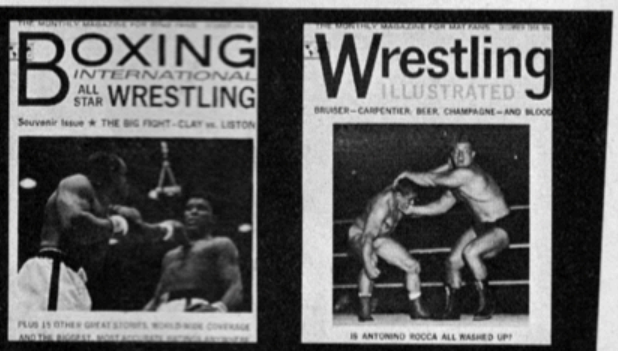

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GIRL WRESTLING

VOLUME I, No. 1 **WINTER/1965**

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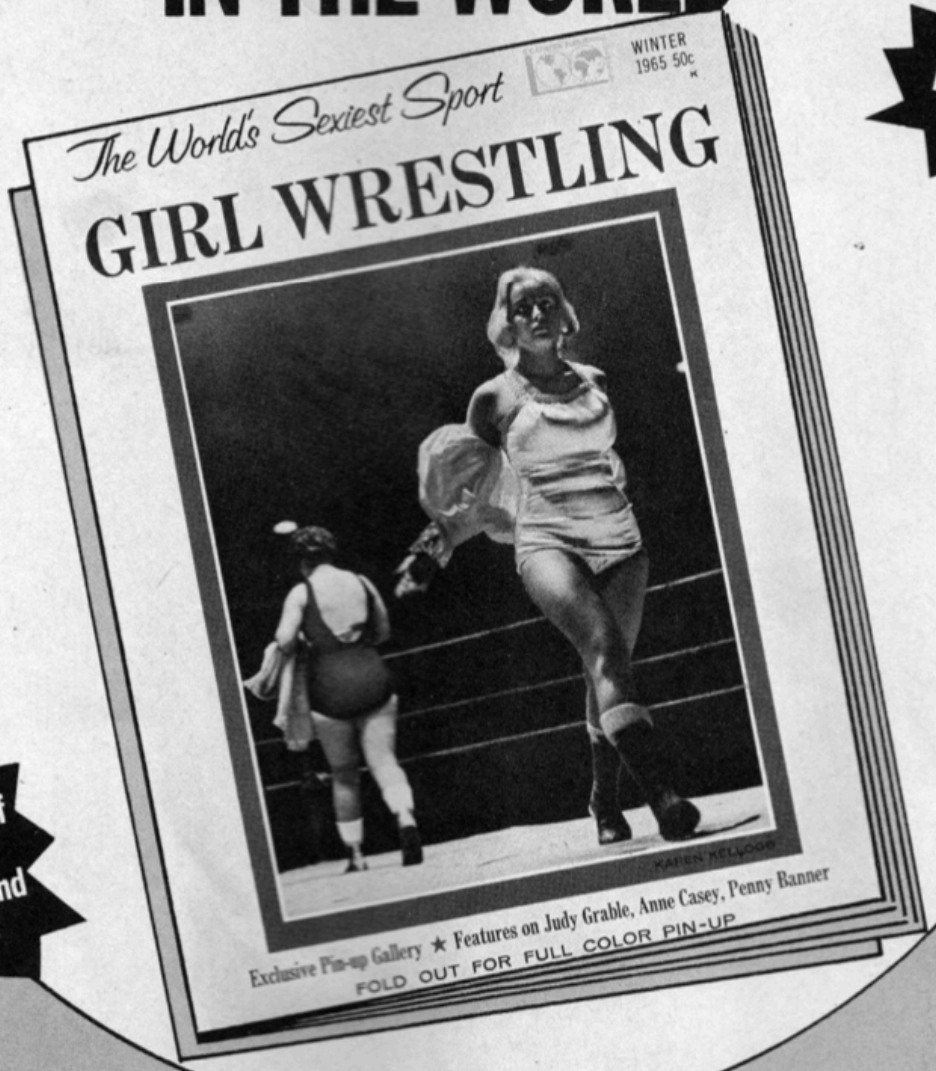

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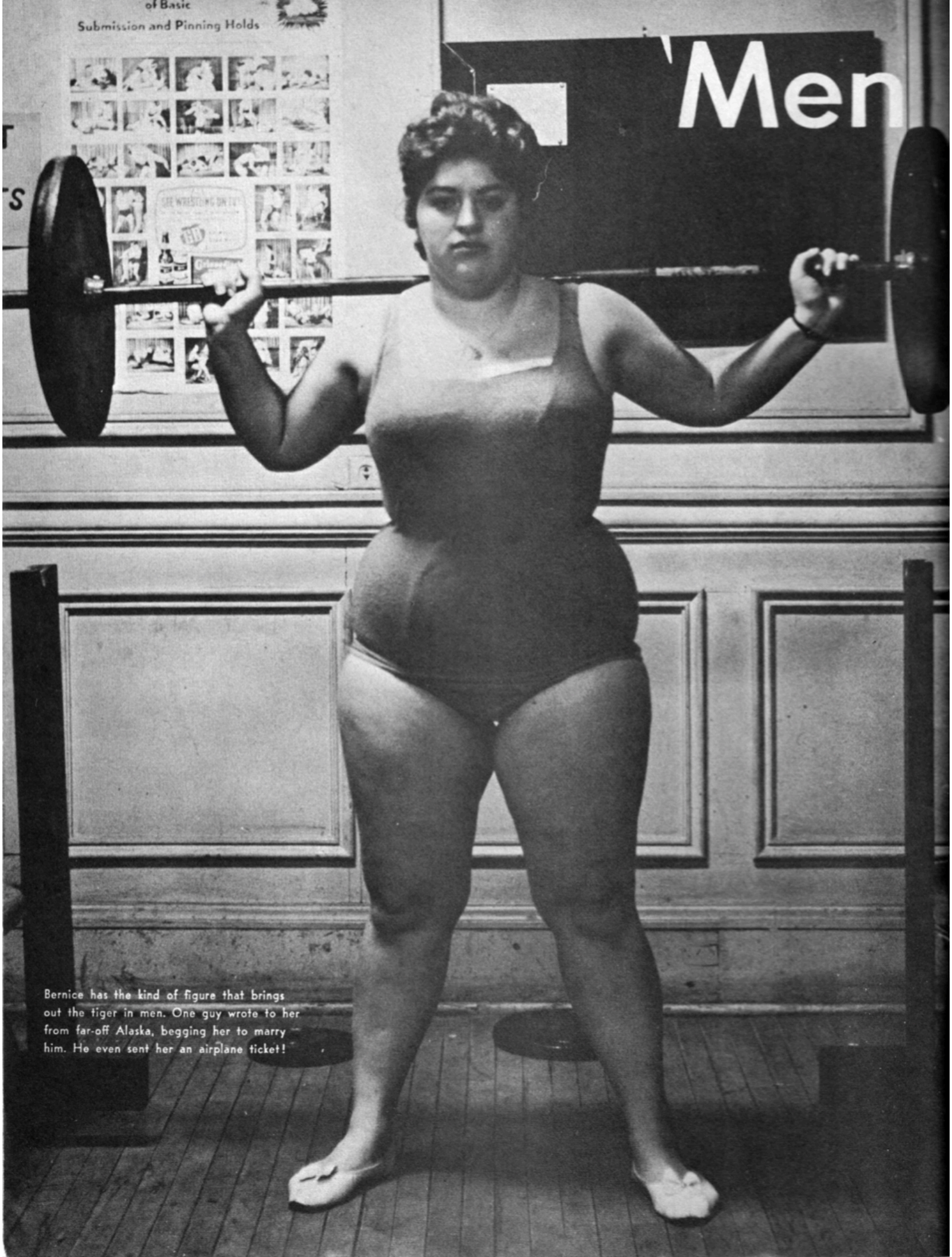
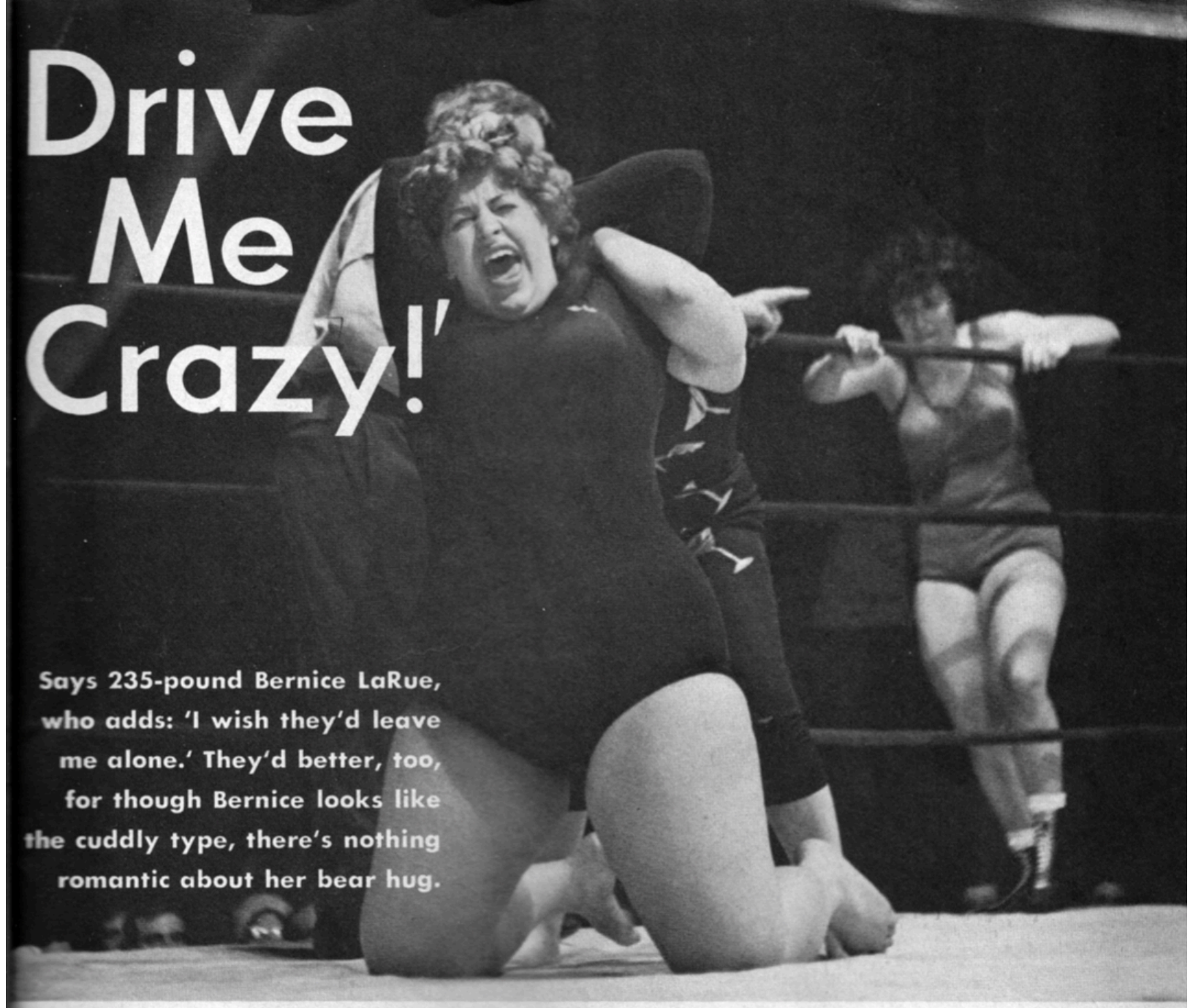


Bernice has the kind of figure that brings out the tiger in men. One guy wrote to her from far-off Alaska, begging her to marry him. He even sent her an airplane ticket!

Drive Me Crazy!'

Says 235-pound Bernice LaRue, who adds: 'I wish they'd leave me alone.' They'd better, too, for though Bernice looks like the cuddly type, there's nothing romantic about her bear hug.



Referee warns Rita Crawford against coming to the aid of partner LaRue as tiny Marlene Parker puts the squeeze on Bernice from rear.

By Shelby McGraw

Bernice LaRue is full of surprises. She tosses them out as casually as an indulgent lady of leisure popping bonbons into her mouth.

Bernice will be quietly recounting a perfectly innocuous incident in her wrestling career when—pop!—she'll suddenly make an explosive comment.

Like: "I wish men would leave me alone!"

And she'll go off, as she did recently during a chat in her dressing room, about all her tribulations with that "most treacherous" of all animals—the male.

"Treacherous?" we said with arched brows. "That's rather strong, isn't it?"

"I have a more graphic word," she said, grinning impishly, "but I don't think it'll look right in a family magazine."

What are Bernice's troubles with men? Well, it seems they like her. No—let's amend that. **They're just crazy about her.** "And they pester the life out of me for dates."

She screwed up her face in a bored expression. "I suppose you're wondering how a fa—uh—buxom girl like me can excite them so much? I wish I knew myself. I thought men went for the sexy-looking type."

But apparently not—at least not in her case. As an example of this strangely reversed viewpoint, Bernice told about a man who had written her from Anchorage, Alaska.

After raving about her charms in a long, passionate letter, he begged her desperately to marry him and even enclosed an airplane ticket to

From the ring apron, Rita Crawford looks on with pleasure as partner Bernice, having belly-whomped Marlene Parker out of the picture, goes to work on Marlene's blonde teammate, Jean Lane. Jean doesn't know it but she's headed for a spin to the other side of the ring. LaRue, who's called "The Monster," is trying to put on more weight so that when she flattens opponents they'll stay flattened.

Anchorage.

Bernice swung her hips as she hoisted a weight and said saucily: "I didn't think things were THAT cold in Alaska!"

At least that swain was too far away to bother her. It's another story with the breed she encounters on her wrestling tours.

One fellow tried to slip into her dressing room by telling the guard he was her brother from out of town. Another persisted in sending her roses.

"If there's anything I hate, it's roses," Bernice said.

Still another wanted to photograph her—in his studio, of course. "You have a classic figure that should be preserved for posterity," he said in a note.

Bernice sighed. "You meet 'em all. They promise you mink coats, cars, a home in the country. They don't seem to know what to do with their money . . .

"But who needs them? I'm making enough money on my own to keep me happy. As for the others, they're not even worth talking about. They don't offer anything except themselves—God's gift to women."

Surprise No. 2 popped out when the interview centered on her diet. Bernice, who's 23 years old, is 5'9" and weighs 235 pounds. Wasn't it hard trying to keep her weight down?

"Who wants to keep it down?" she countered. "I'd like to get it up to at least 300 so that when I come down on my opponents they'll stay flattened. But nothing seems to help—potatoes, ice cream, French pastry, chocolates. . ."

Bernice's opponents would give up a headlock if they could find a way to slenderize her. As one of them put it: "She's 48-37-50 right now. Can you imagine trying to get a grip on her if she expands any more?"

Bernice likes to call herself "The Monster." She got the nickname when she was a farm girl in Michigan. Oddly, it was hung on her by the boys at her high school.

"Here comes the monster," they whispered when she reported for wrestling practice.

Bernice easily beat all the girl wrestlers and then astounded her classmates by drubbing the best grapplers on the boys' squad.

Nobody called her "monster" to her face, of course. But the name stuck and Bernice now uses it professionally. It's no idle term. Bernice actually is a monster when she goes into the ring, thumping her opponents with her fists, feet, knees—and belly.

Her belly-bumper is something to see. She once bounced an opponent clear over the ropes with it.

So watch your step, men. Remember—a date with Bernice may mean a trip to highly unromantic places. Like a hospital. ■

They Call Green-Eyed Anne Casey

THE PANTHER GIRL

——And with good reason. But what nobody knows is that she would have never become a wrestler if it hadn't been for a bunch of gabby women.

By Inez Anderson

Anne Casey had just stretched across the bed for a short rest when she heard a knock on her hotel room door.

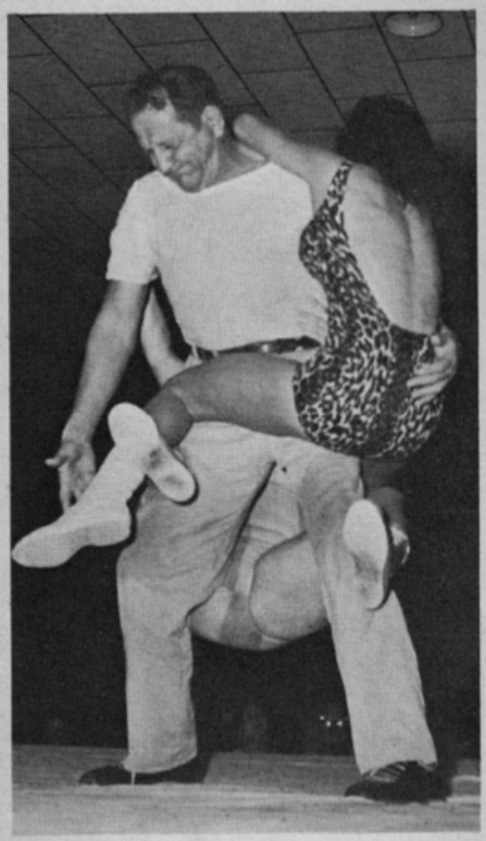
Who in the world could that be, she wondered. She had left specific instructions with the desk clerk not to be disturbed.

"Who is it?" she called out, a bit irritably.

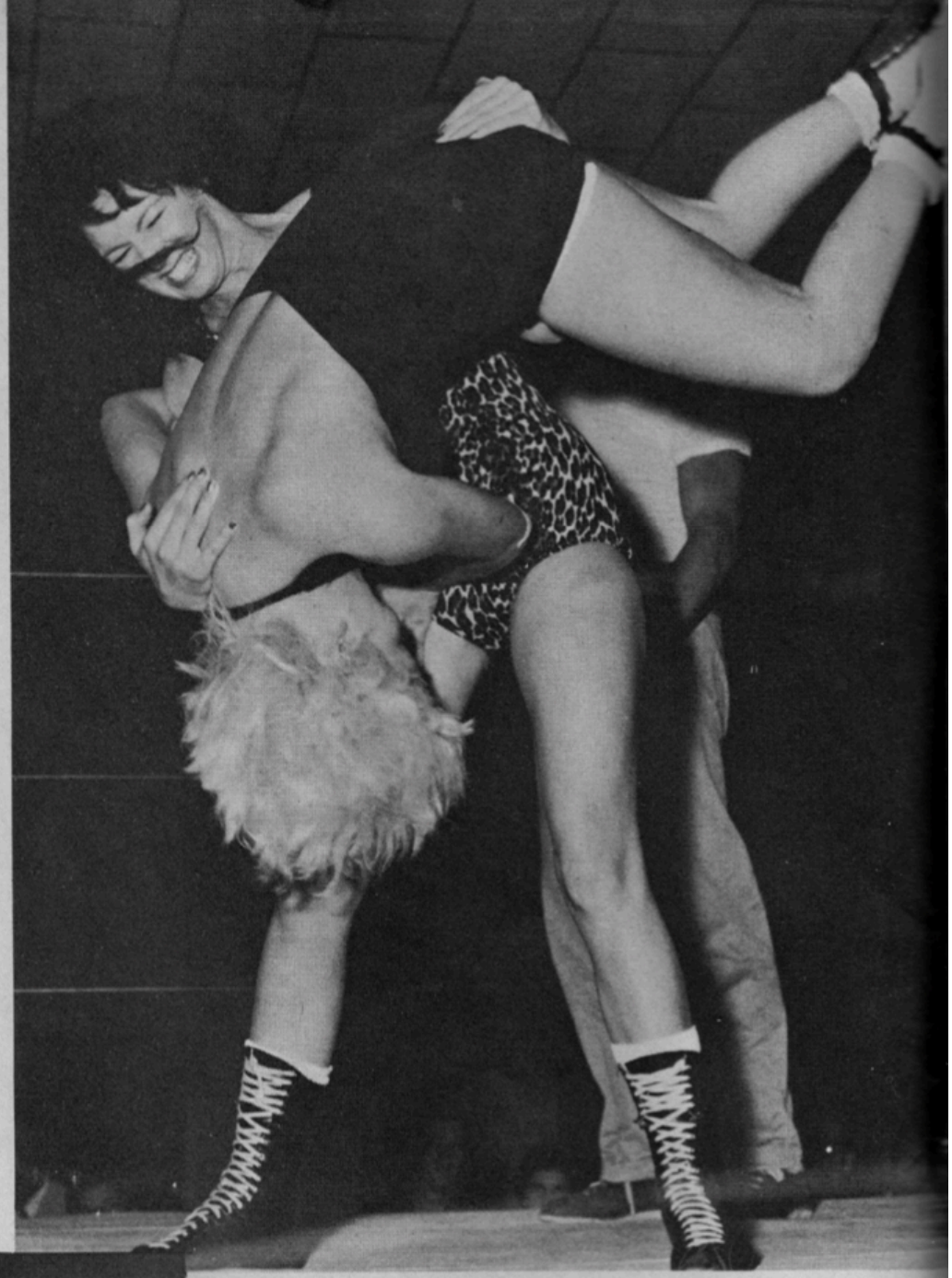
"Bellboy, ma'am," sang a chirrupy voice.

"I don't want any bellboys," Anne said. "Go away and ring somebody else's bell."

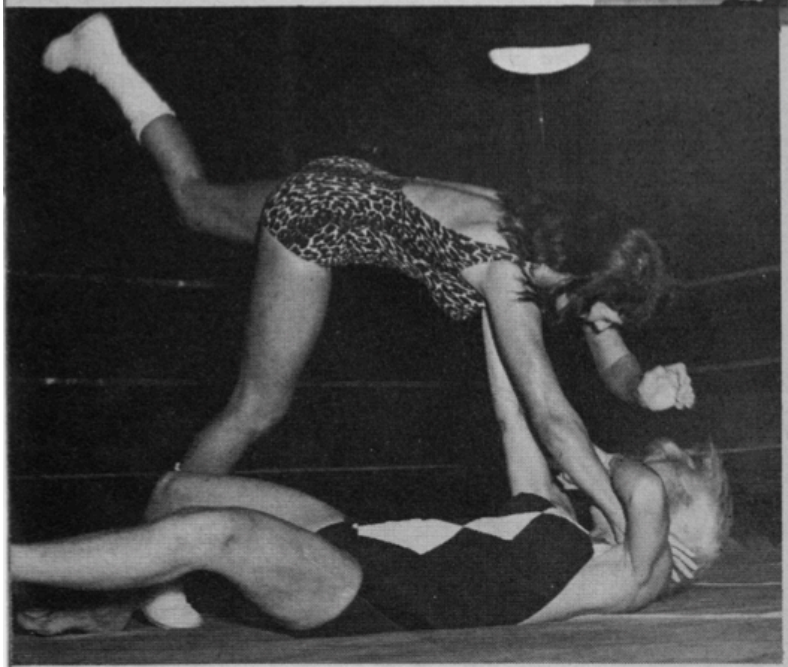
There was silence for a few moments. Then another knock. Anne ignored it but it grew insistent and finally she yelled impatiently: "Who is it?"



Casey, who's 5'8", is all legs as she climbs aboard referee Otto Kuss in an attempt to get at Vicki Adams in savage Angleton, Texas, bout.



Anne proceeds to mash Judy Grable's face after slamming her to the canvas. Only Judy's vast experience saved her from almost certain defeat.



Another seasoned performer, Brenda Scott, found the Panther Girl's claws too sharp for comfort. Here, Anne flips Brenda onto her back.

"Room service, ma'am," a chirrupy voice responded.

"I don't want any room service," she snapped. "I want to be left alone."

Silence. Casey lay back, wriggled her toes and sighed. Privacy was getting harder and harder to find these days—even if you paid a fancy price for it. Well, that was the way things were...

Knock! Knock!

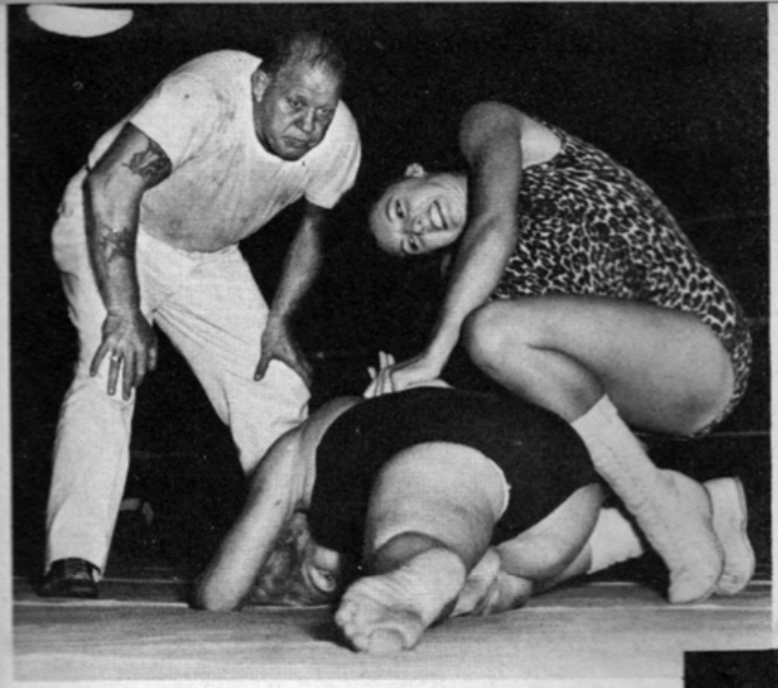
Oh, no—not again!

"What is it?" she shouted.

"This is the manager, ma'am," a chirrupy voice replied.

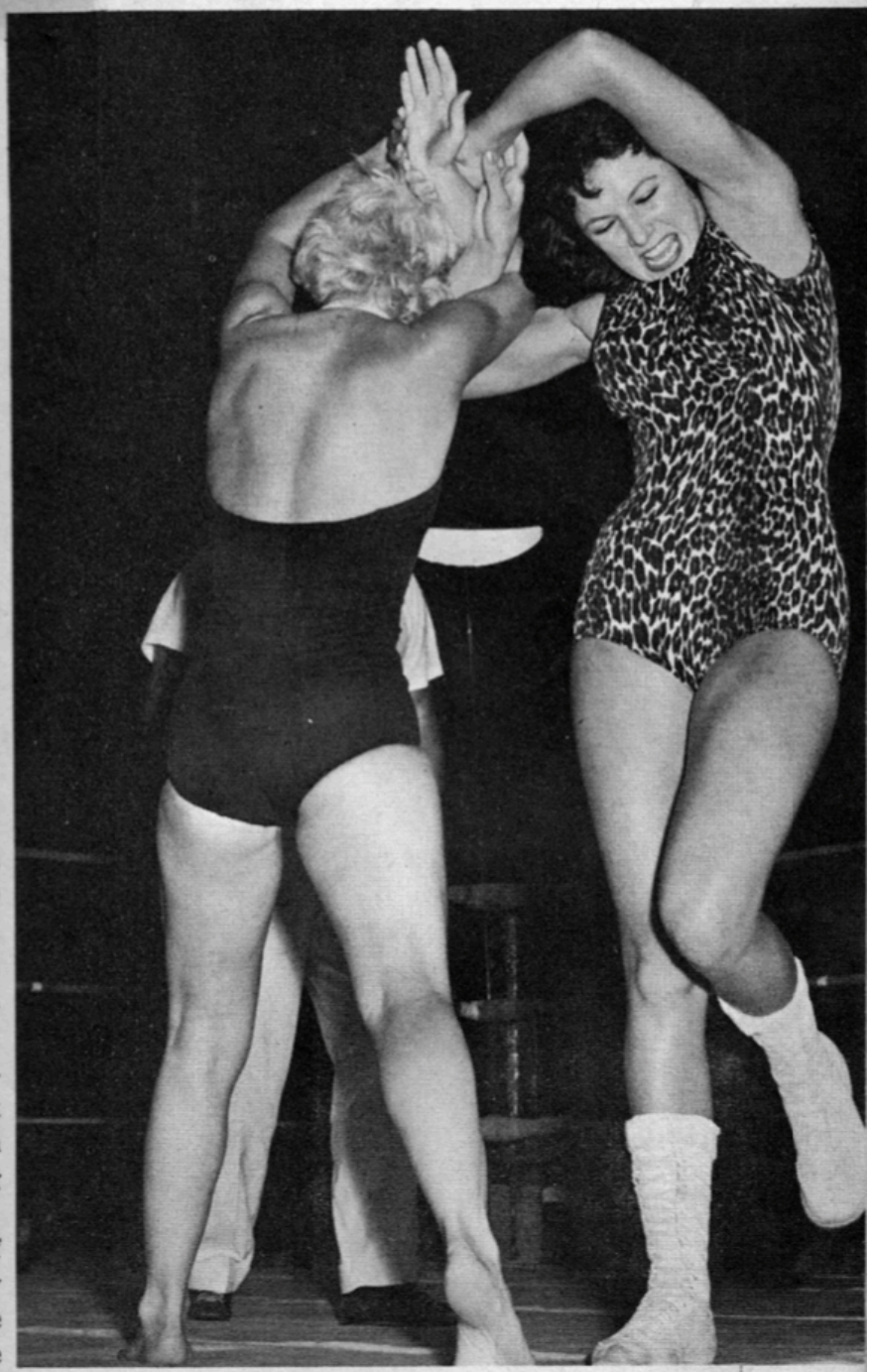
"Well, whaddya want?"

"May I see you for a moment?"



You can't see the pain on Grable's face as Anne puts pressure on hammerlock. But you can be sure she's in agony. Referee Marvin Jones watches carefully to see that Casey doesn't use her knee to unfair advantage.

Anne and Grable engage in a severe test of strength after tangling in mid-ring. Though she's been wrestling a little more than three years, Casey has won a solid place in the top ratings. That's pretty good for a former beautician!



Anne shrugged, got up and opened the door. A little man wearing a white carnation and a silly smile stood fidgeting before her.

"Look here," she blazed. "I thought I left word downstairs that I didn't want to be disturbed . . ."

"Ah, yes, yes," he said nervously. "But I just wanted to greet you personally and to assure you that everything will be done to make your stay here a pleasant one . . ."

He paused as Casey opened the door a little wider. Then he gaped. Anne was wearing a snug white slip that made her 5'8" figure stand out like Venus.

"Is that all?" she said coldly.

"Uh, yes, yes," he sputtered.

"Thank you," she said. "And now will you do me a favor?"

"Of course, of course, Miss Casey. What is it?"

"Stay away from here. And your employes had better stay away, too—or I'll break every bone in their body."

Slam! went the door. The nerve of those guys, Casey snorted—pretending to be of service, when all they wanted to do was to gawk at her.

You couldn't blame them, though, because 23-year-old Anne Casey is really something to gawk at. She's a glamorous, green-eyed Cherokee-Irish girl from Mobile, Ala., who has the men standing in the aisles wherever she wrestles.

Fans who see her for the first time wonder if they're in the right arena. That's because Casey looks as if she really ought to be parading before a panel of Miss America judges. But once she

Continued on Page 48

How Much Can a Girl Take?

By Janet Maynard

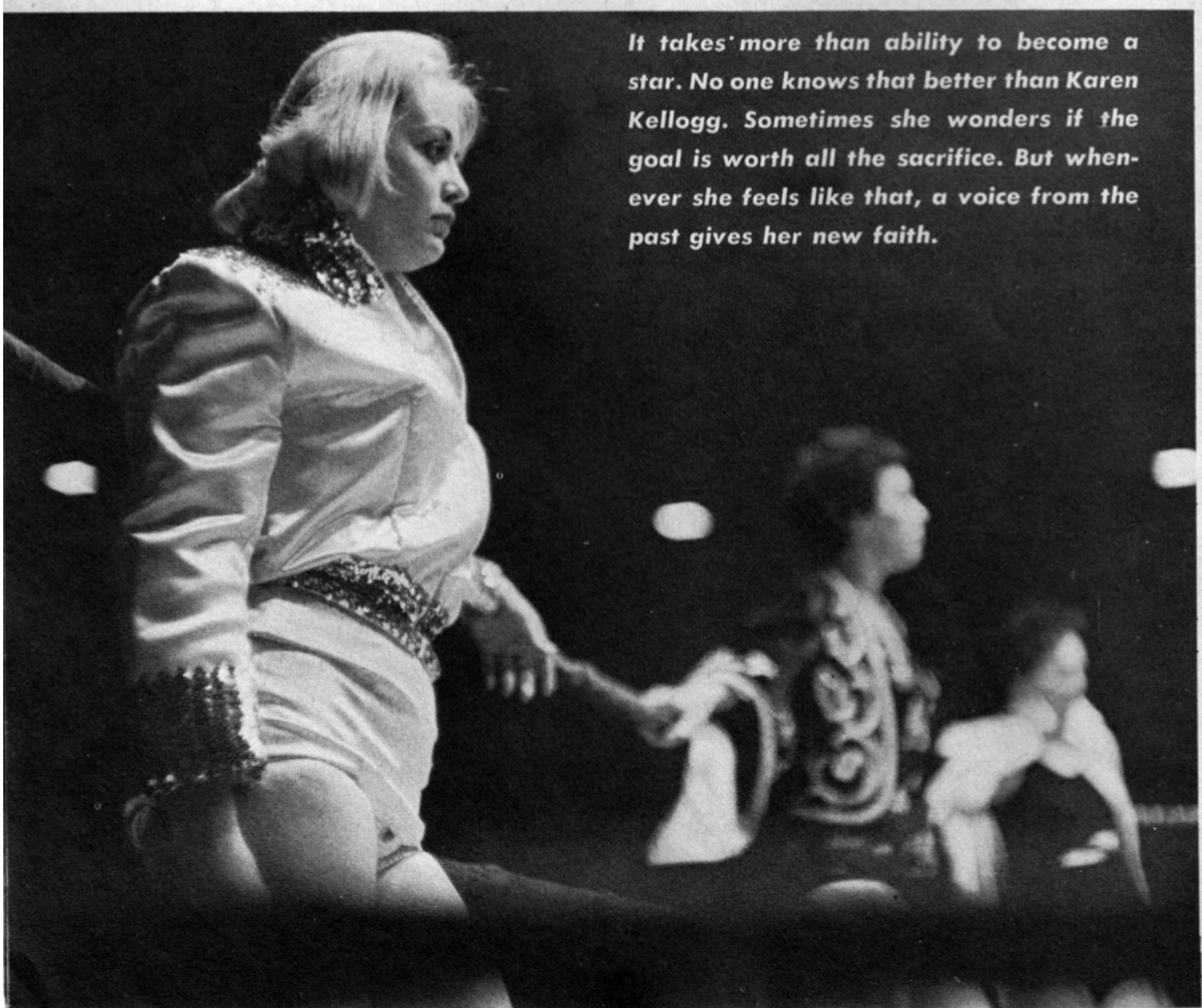
"Dzlpp," said the pretty blonde, arching her back so tautly that her hip bones struck out.

"What did you say?" her visitor asked.

"Dzlpp," she said again. Which wasn't surprising, since her face was buried in a pillow. She had placed the pillow on a towel on her living room rug.

A strange place for a girl to put a pillow? Yes, if she's an ordinary girl. But shapely, blue-eyed Karen Kellogg is no ordinary lass.

She's a topflight wrestler with a burning mission: to become as great as Mildred Burke, considered by many as the greatest of 'em all.



It takes more than ability to become a star. No one knows that better than Karen Kellogg. Sometimes she wonders if the goal is worth all the sacrifice. But whenever she feels like that, a voice from the past gives her new faith.

Doing 50 kneebends with heavy barbells helps shapely Karen Kellogg to keep in top shape.

Kellogg leaped into prominence when she won junior title from tough Lola Loray at Bluefield, West Va. But before she triumphed, Karen took an awful pasting from the dark-haired volcano.

Karen is only 20 and has plenty of time to achieve her ambition. But with the urgency and impatience of youth, she is trying to telescope five years of training and experience into one.

Karen knows that a powerful, disciplined body is a requisite for stardom. And so she has been following a training regimen that would exhaust most women athletes.

"See how that exercise strengthens the neck muscles?" she said, getting up off the floor. "Now watch this..." She lay on her tummy and, grabbing her ankles, rocked back and forth.

After 50 rocker motions, she got up again, pointed to her midriff and said: "Here, feel this..."

The visitor poked her stomach gingerly. "Harder!" she commanded. The visitor obeyed and cried out in pain. "What have you got there," he said, massaging his bruised fingertips, "a board?"

Continued

Karen smiled. It was a warm, eager smile and it lit up the room like a 1,000-watt lamp.

Karen doesn't smile often. She's a serious girl who approaches her work with almost fanatic dedication.

It was the late Billy Wolfe, "father of girl wrestling," who got her started as a pro.

Billy was a great believer in conditioning and he set up an arduous program for Karen.

She has stuck to it without deviation for more than two years. And it has paid handsome dividends.

Karen thinks often of Billy, especially in her moments of triumph. But sometimes she wonders, "How much can a girl take?"

She was a shy youngster of 17 from Charles City, Iowa, when Billy first spotted her. He liked what he saw. "That girl's got a lot of talent," he said. "With the right training and some experience, she could be great."

Karen worshipped Billy, did everything he told her. And, gradually, she blossomed into the top ranks.

She was heart-broken when he died last year. "It was like losing my own father," she said.

For a while she moped around, feeding on her depression. Then one day she showed up at the gym, toyed with some barbells, hoisted a few weights.

And suddenly a voice cut through her depression. "Glad to see you back, child," said the voice. "Let me see you do that again . . . That's fine, just fine, child . . ."

That was the way Billy used to talk—softly, encouragingly. For a moment, Karen could almost see him standing there, adjusting his spectacles with diamond-studded fingers.

It was a hallucination, of course, but it worked a miracle for Karen.

Karen still follows the arduous exercises that the late Billy Wolfe, father of girl wrestling, laid out for her while grooming her for big time wrestling. This one is great for the neck muscles.

Karen has had to give up many of the things that most girls want out of life in order to maintain her rigorous training schedule. Here, she works out with Beverly Long to strengthen her leg holds.

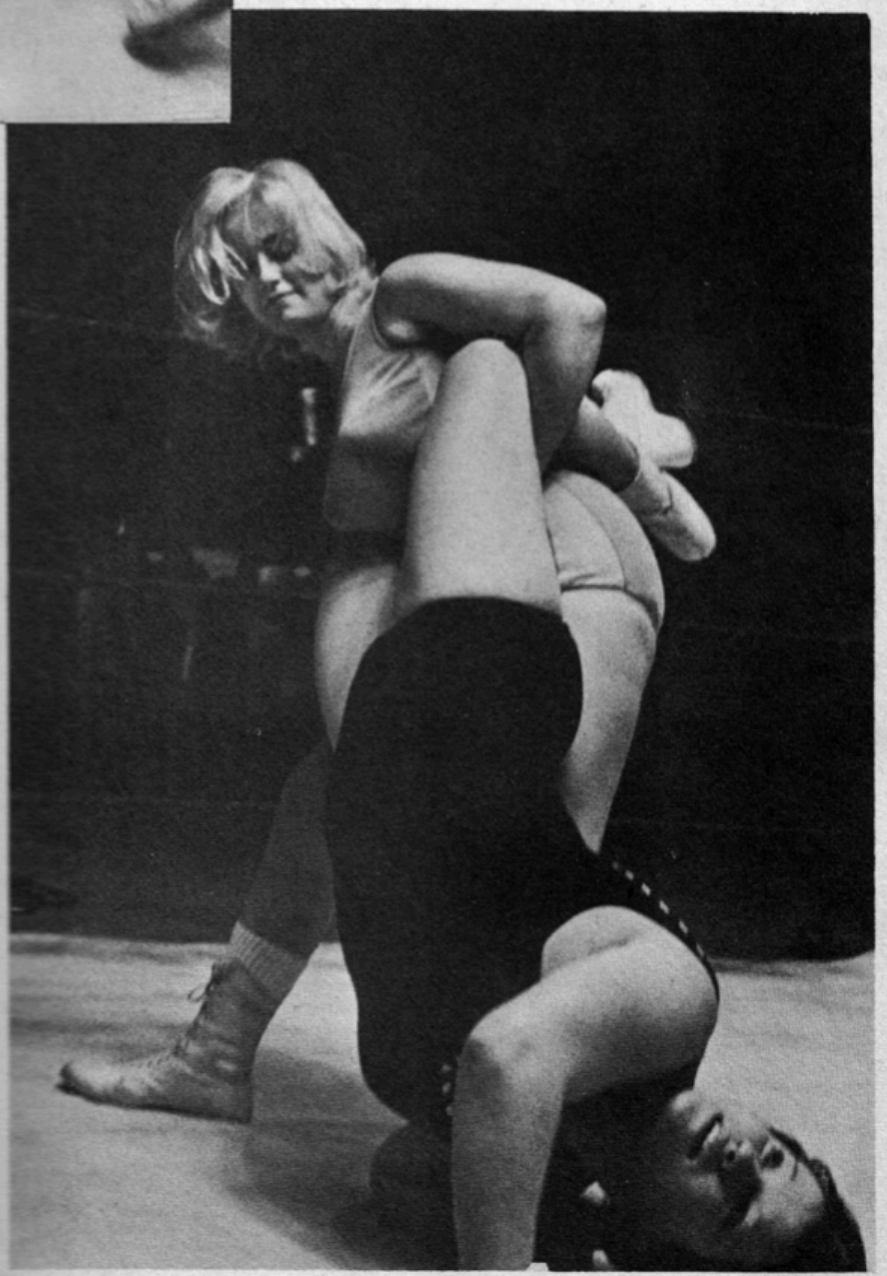
She tackled her training with renewed zest, picked up the threads of her career with greater fervor than before.

"I'm wrestling better than ever," Karen said, toweling the perspiration from her supple body. "But it hasn't been easy . . ."

By that she means that she has had to reject dates, forego parties, pass up all the other interesting and exciting things that mean so much to the average young girl.

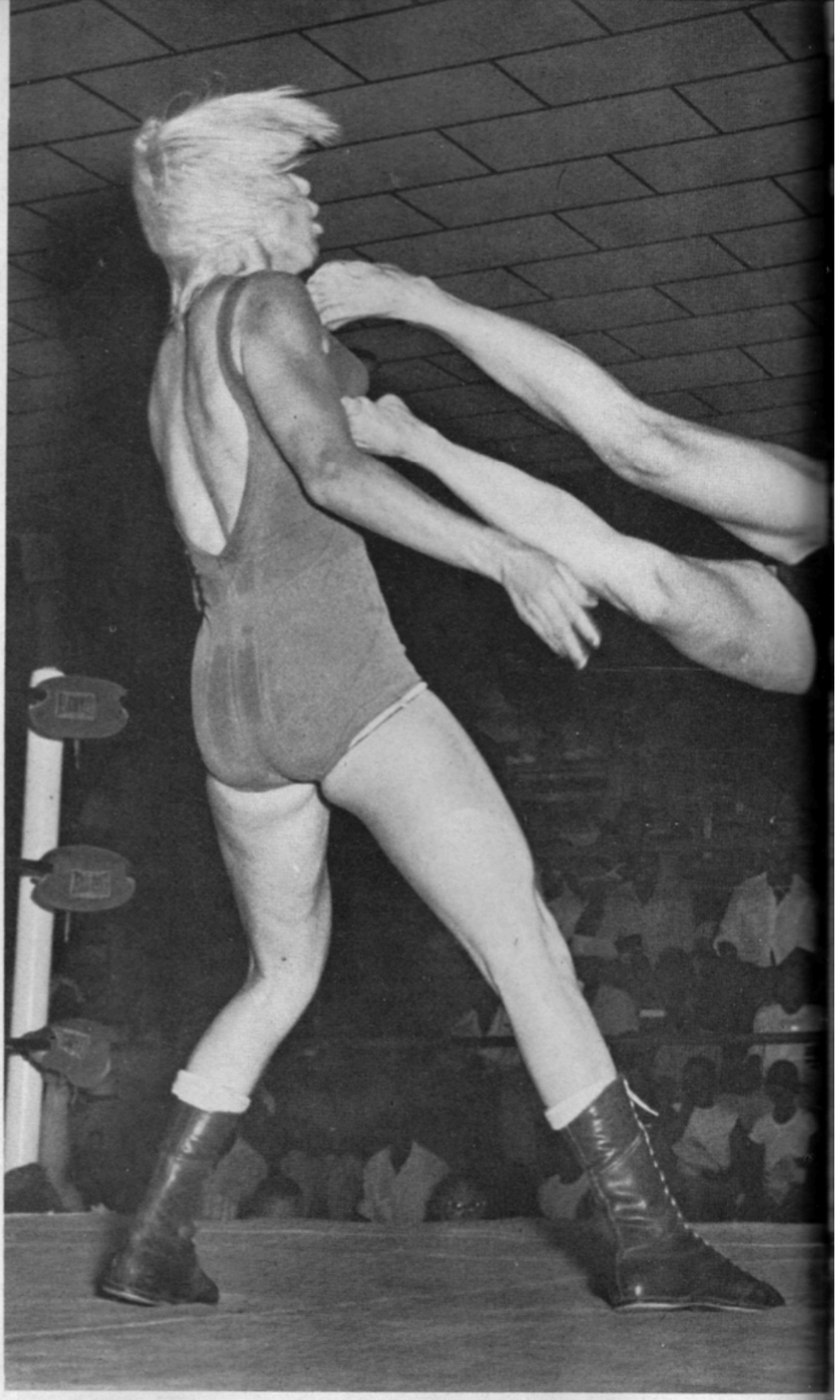
She thought about this for a while. Then she shrugged and said: "But I don't care about that. Wrestling's my life. Gee, I bet Billy would be proud if he could see me now . . ."

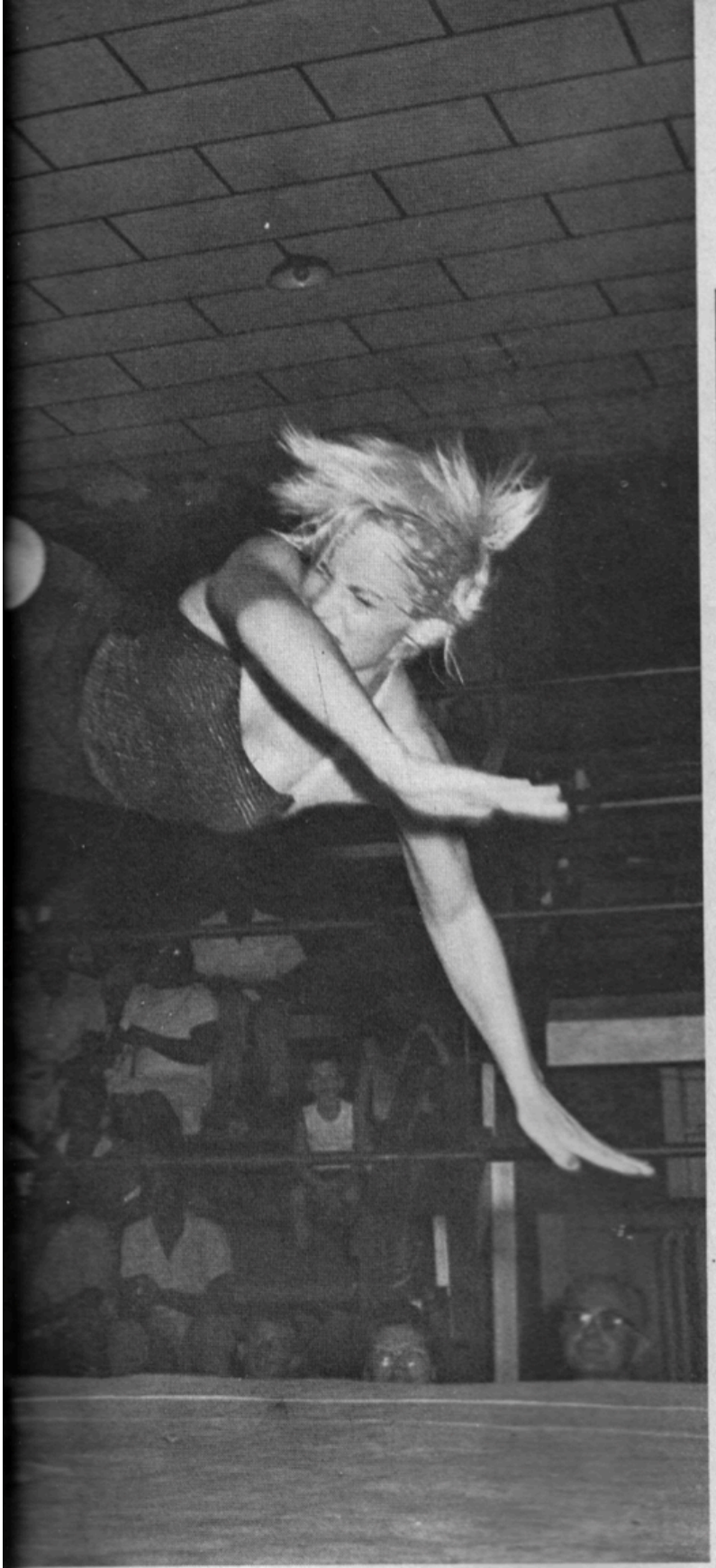
If Billy were around, he'd second that. "You're doing fine, child," he'd say, "just fine . . ." ■



It's easy when you know how. Karen looks confident as she prepares to unlock Beverly Long's leg scissors. No matter how wearying her task, Kellogg has found it pays off in the long run.

The FEUD That Touched Off





Gravette couldn't seem to get started. Judy hoisted and tossed her almost at will, with that slick precision that her fans admire. Up to this point, everything was normal —or as normal as things can be when these hellcats tangle.

No wonder they call Judy the "Barefoot Contessa." She's got real style, no matter what she does—cartwheels, flying kicks, Kangaroo Flips—you name it. It took some time for Gravette to recover from this staggering blow.

A RIOT

Fran Gravette and Judy Grable started the ruckus — but they were nowhere to be seen when the action reached its climax

By Sandy Michaels

About the only thing Fran Gravette and Judy Grable have in common is their blonde hair. Otherwise you couldn't find two more divergent types . . .

Vivacious, blue-eyed Grable, the "Barefoot Contessa" from Miami, Fla., who learned her dazzling maneuvers as a big-time circus aerialist . . .

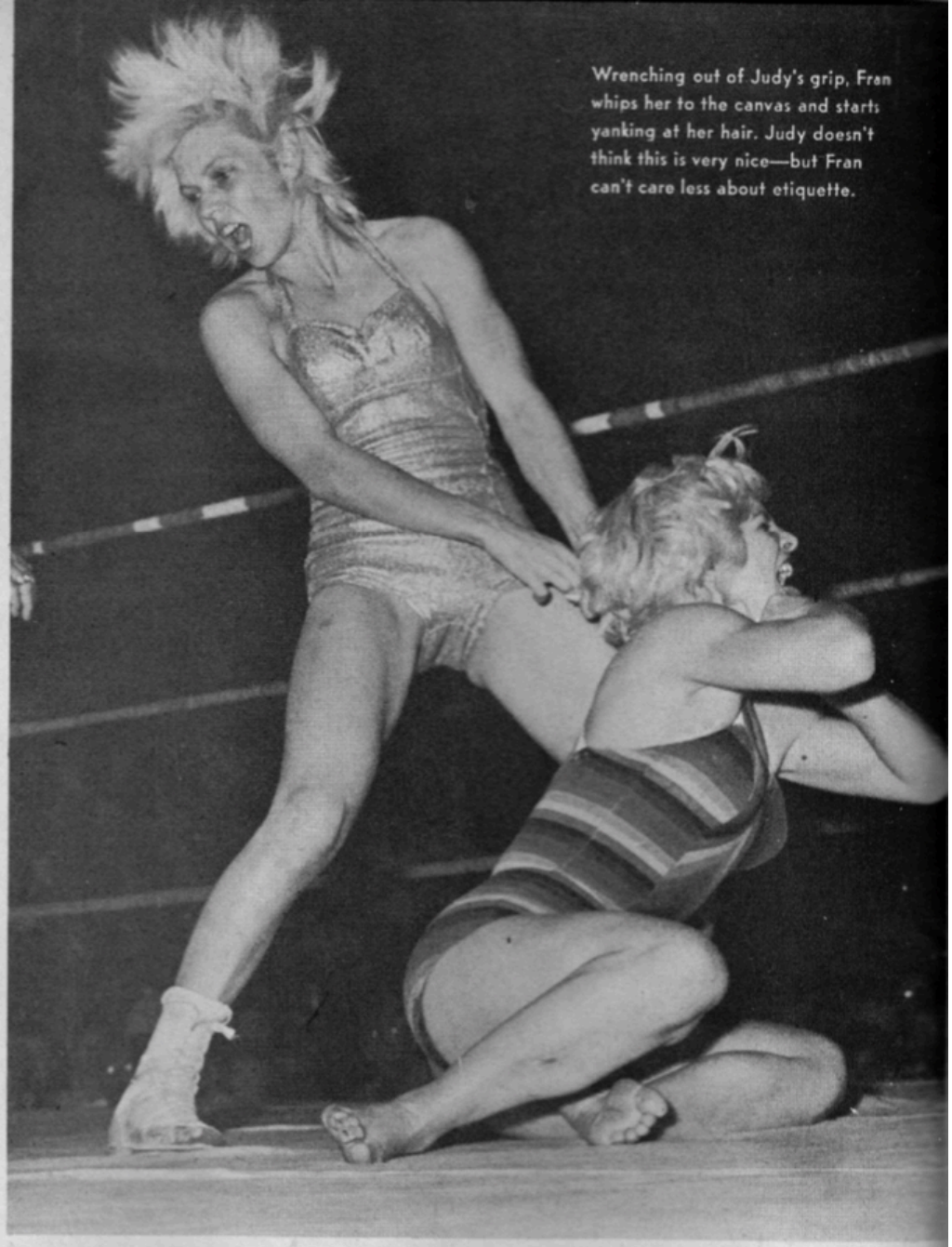
Tall (5'8"), willowy Gravette, the even-tempered ranch girl from Medicine Hat, Canada, who dresses like a Parisian model and loves good music and books . . .

Put them together in a ring and you have a Pier 6 brawl.

Fran and Judy have wrestled each other more times than they can remember, with each bout more explosive than the last.

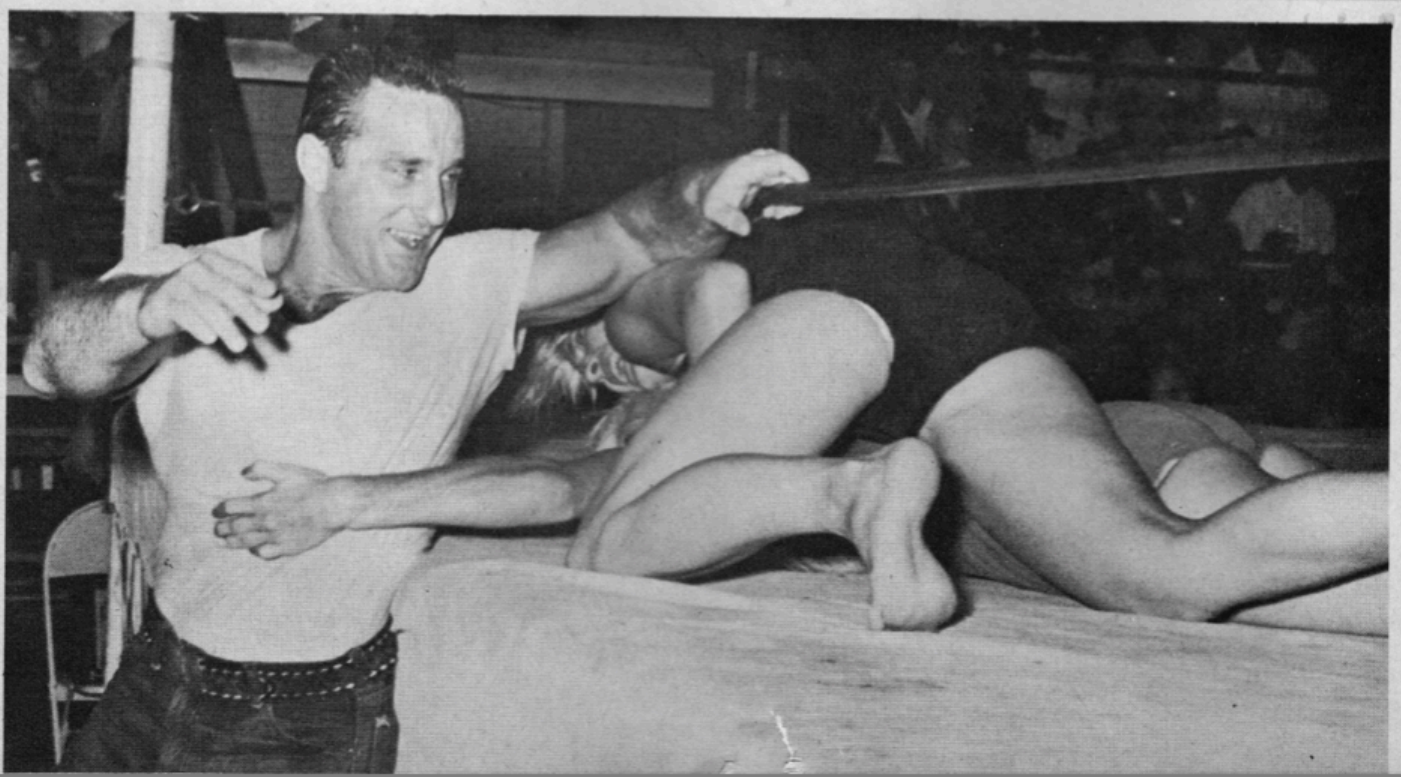
But there was one match that outrivaled all the rest. This is the story of that bout—the bout that touched off a riot.

It started off like any other, with Judy going through her sensational cartwheels and flips and Fran retaliating with drop-kicks and flying head scissors.



Wrenching out of Judy's grip, Fran whips her to the canvas and starts yanking at her hair. Judy doesn't think this is very nice—but Fran can't care less about etiquette.

Referee Jerry Kozak is no dope. When the action got out of hand, he wisely decided to hop out of the ring. Even so, he couldn't escape Gravette's clutches.



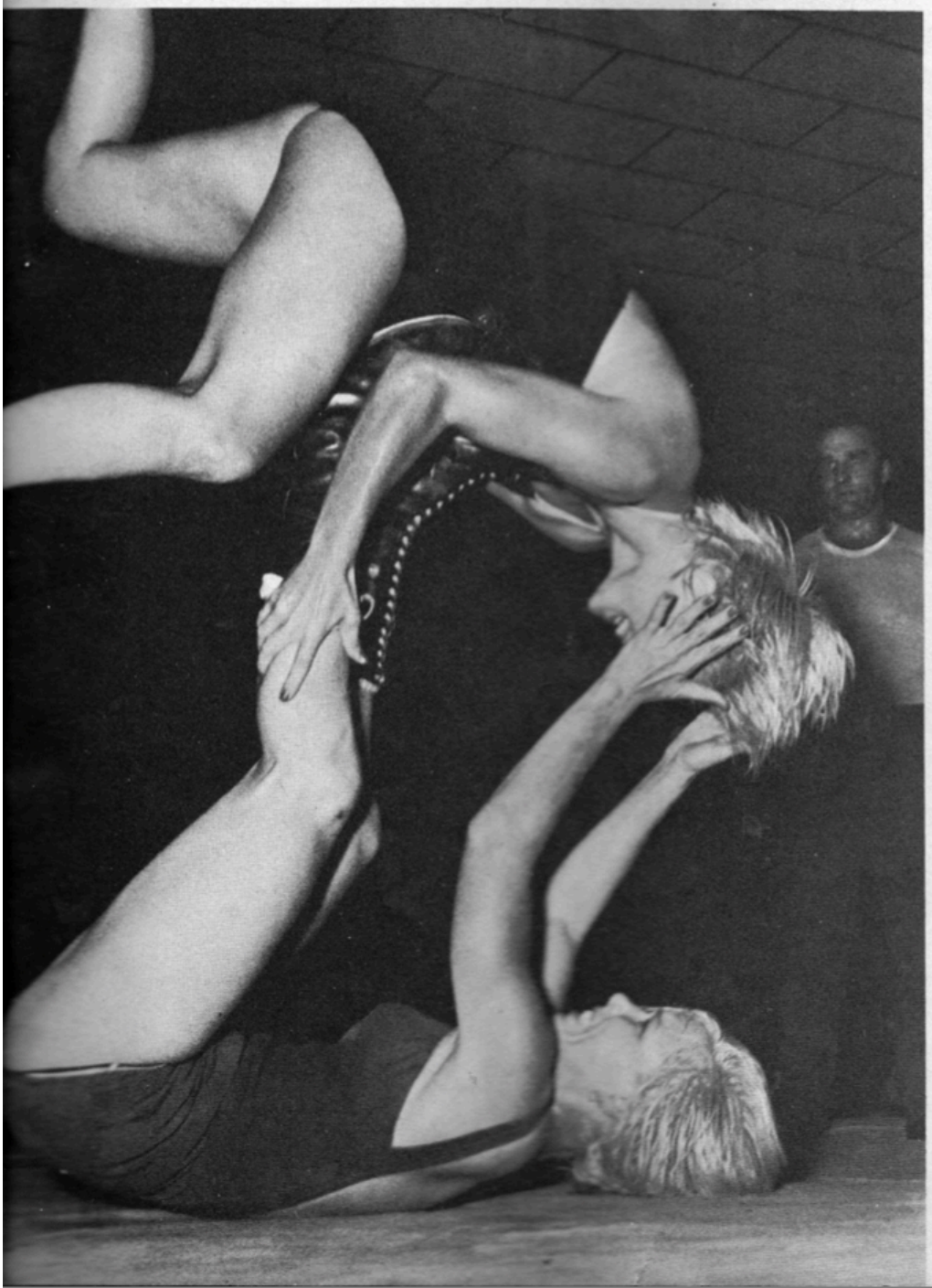
Then Judy won the first fall with her famed Kangaroo Flip and things took a drastic turn. When the second fall began, Fran ignored Judy and picked a fight with referee Jerry Kozak.

He had no right to award the fall to Judy, she protested. Grable had taken unfair advantage of her before setting her up for the Kangaroo Flip. Why hadn't he disqualified her?

Kozak tried to calm her down, tell her the fall was perfectly legitimate. But Fran wanted no part of it.

"I refuse to continue," she said stubbornly, "unless you leave the ring." She climbed atop a ring post and appealed to the crowd. The crowd backed her up with a roar.

Then the strangest thing happened. Judy herself joined the clamor against the referee! As the fans chanted, "Kozak must go! Kozak must go!" a worried-looking man skittered into the ring. It was promoter Sammy Green. "Please, girls," he pleaded, "let's not get excited . . ."



"Why, hello—what are you doing up there?" asks Fran as she prepares to flip Judy into at least the fifteenth row.
"Oh, don't mind me," says Judy.
"I'm just going along for the ride."

That was as far as he got. With a yelp, both girls ganged up on him, ripped his shirt off and began to work him over.

Luckily Sammy is a small guy. While the girls were busy punching away, he wrenched loose and hot-footed it out of the arena.

But the girls weren't going to let go of a good thing that easily. They chased after him, downed him on the grass and began to break him up into little pieces. Only the intervention of some guards stopped them from sending him to the hospital.

By this time, Fran and Judy were so worked up they decided to continue their own feud—just for the heck of it. Kozak maintained a discreet distance as they whaled away.

The fans loved it. "C'mon, Fran! C'mon, Judy!" they yelled. They didn't care who won. All they cared about was action—and more action.

And the girls gave it to them, slamming each other with mighty whacks to the head and body, gouging and kicking and clawing. Then both of them launched a drop-kick, missed—and landed in a heap on the concrete floor.

Scrambling to their feet, they continued to lace each other, tumbling all over the floor. At one point they collided with such force that they crashed into the laps of ringsiders. As the fans scattered, the girls grabbed the folding chairs and hacked away like Roman gladiators fighting to the death.

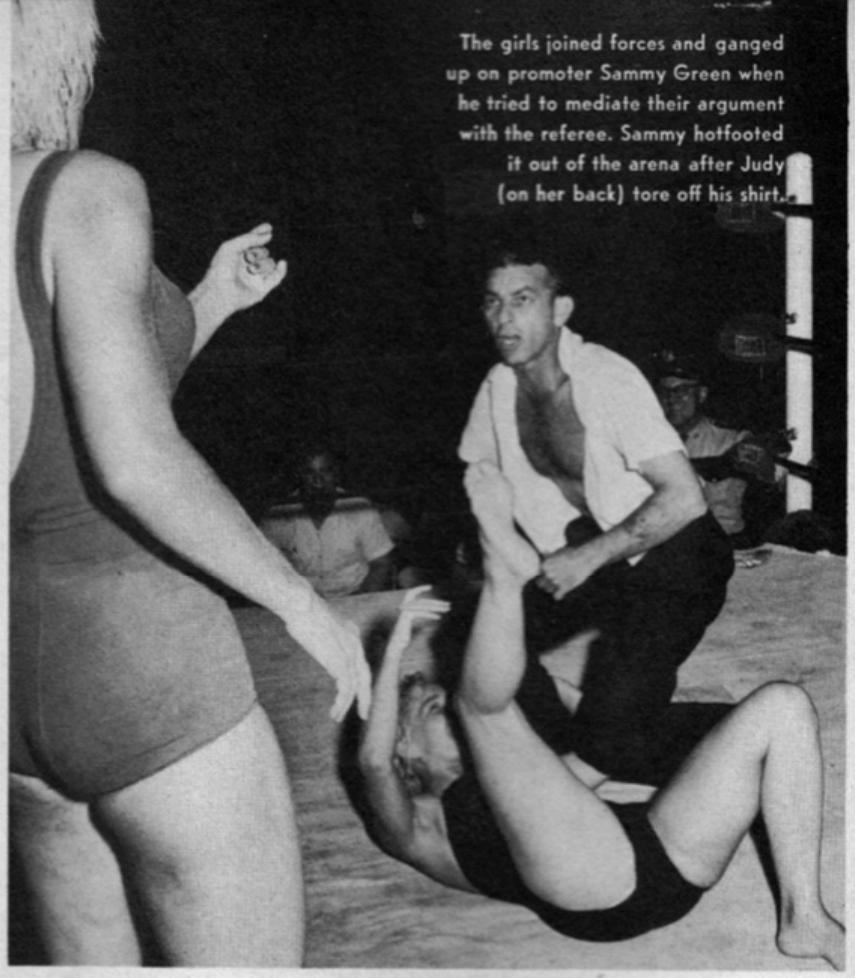
And now the battle broadened

as some of the fans who had been injured in the melee stormed back for revenge. In less than a minute, arms and legs were flying all around ringside. Mothers hustled their children to safety as spectators in the back rows raced down to join the fracas.

Suddenly, Judy and Fran stopped fighting each other, looked at the violence all around them and decided to slip under the ring. They were still there when the police swarmed into the arena to restore order.

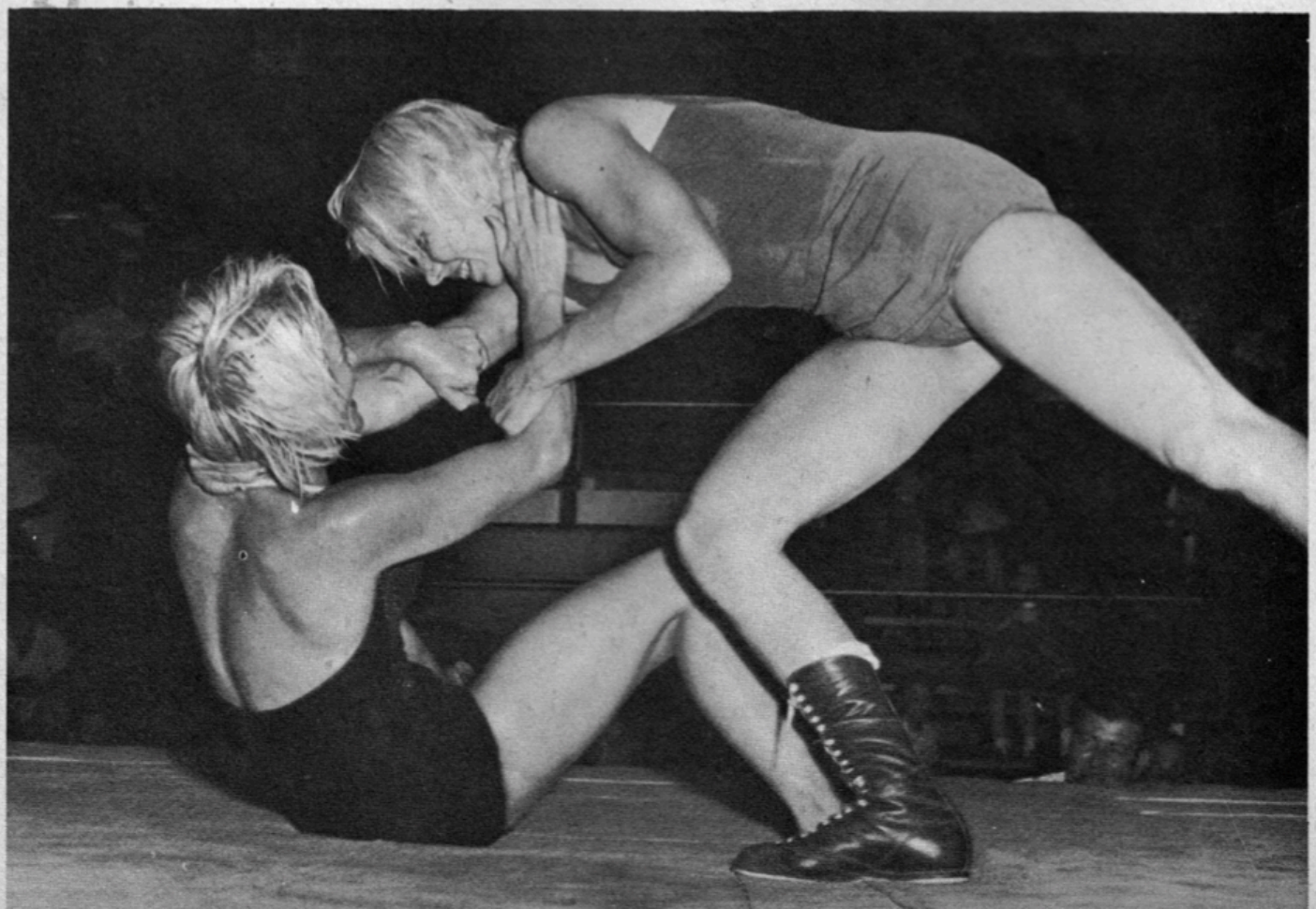
Later, when someone asked them if they had been scared, Judy answered for both by saying: "Afraid? No. But we got a little bored. Next time Fran and I wrestle, we'll leave a pack of cards under the ring, with a flashlight. They'll come in handy if we ever get into a fix like that again."

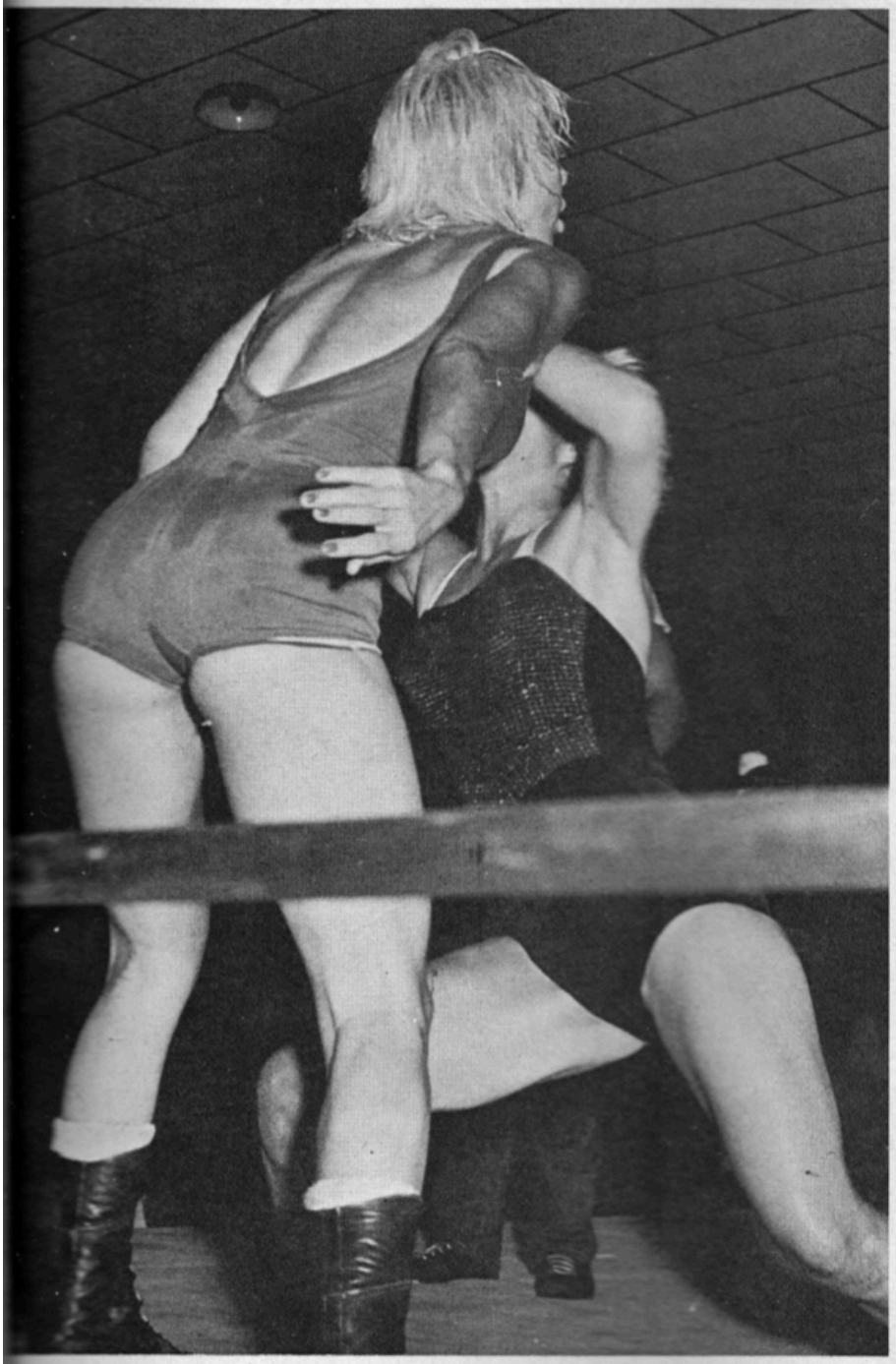
And they strolled off, arm in arm, as if nothing had happened! ■



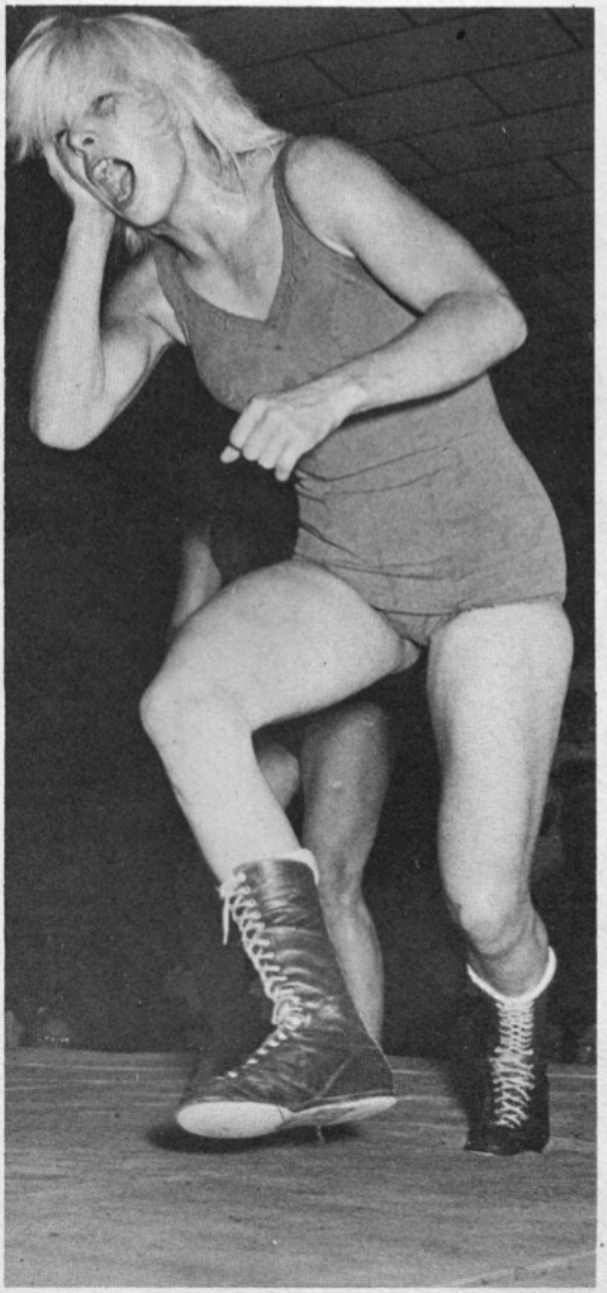
The girls joined forces and ganged up on promoter Sammy Green when he tried to mediate their argument with the referee. Sammy hotfooted it out of the arena after Judy (on her back) tore off his shirt.

Grable didn't take that ride after all. Somewhere along the line, she got off for a bit of fun. And to Judy, there's nothing funnier than pulling Fran down to her level.





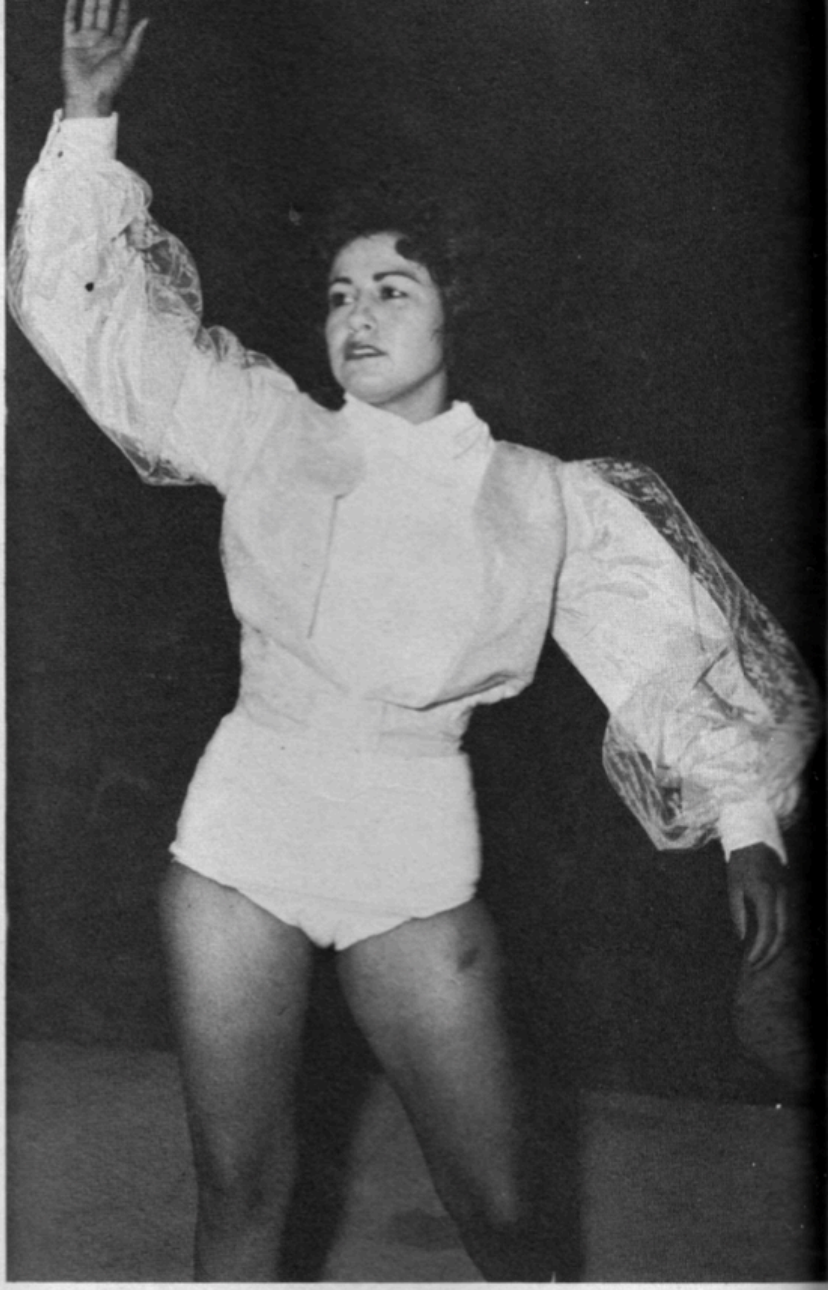
After getting rid of the promoter and warning the referee to keep his distance, Fran (left) and Judy go at it hot and heavy again, with Grable outslugging her rival.



"Oh, my aching head!" Gravette howls, after running into a smashing right from Grable. A moment later, they clashed in a tangle of arms and legs and spilled out of the ring. And that's when the crowd began to break up the joint.

TORRID

Ever since she was a kid, Margaret Garcia was eager to meet her idol, Judy Grable. So what happened when they finally met? Did Margaret blush and stammer in the presence of her heroine? The heck she did! She blasted her to the canvas and tried to throttle her.



"Hearing the crowd applaud me is like tasting a good wine," says Margaret, who became a wrestler despite her family's opposition.

Margaret Garcia is a fiery Latin newcomer who finds the perils of bus-riding worse than those of the ring.

TEXAS TAMALE

By Ralph Forbes

The bus lurched into the neon-winking depot to take on a fresh load of passengers. Margaret Garcia, slumped in a rear seat, turned her head away from the glaring lights.

Moments later, with a thump of the baggage flap, the bus was rolling again—and Margaret suddenly found herself with a companion.

"How-dee," he said, swinging down beside her and giving her an extra long look.

Margaret grunted and tried to go back to sleep. She'd fought a hard match earlier that night, was dead tired, and in no mood to make conversation —especially with a stranger.

She slid off into delicious sleep and began to dream. She dreamt she had developed the ability to fly and now she was sailing all over the ring, banging up her opponent and leaping into the air when danger threatened.

It was a wonderful dream but all of a sudden it seemed to change into something else and then Margaret knew it wasn't a dream any longer—that hand on her knee was real!

Controlling her temper, she turned to the man beside her. Flashes of light from passing cars lit up the leer on his face.

"Did you," she said calmly, "ask my permission to do that?"

Missing the sarcasm in her voice, the man grinned. "Didn't think it was necessary, ma'am," he said. "You looked t'me like the friendly type. And it's nice to have a little friendship on a long trip."

"If I look like the friendly type to you," Margaret said, "you must be blind. Now take your hands off..."

"Ah, c'mon, baby, don't be a spoilsport. I ain't gonna hurt you none."

"I'm not worried about you hurting **me**. But you ought to worry about my hurting **you**."

His hand stopped rubbing her knee and he gave her a funny look. "Whaddya mean, baby?"

"Supposin' I told you I'm gonna break your arm off if you don't stop pawing me?"

"I'd say you were kiddin' me. **You** break my arm? Why, baby, I wish you wouldn't try it, but if you do, you're gonna regret it."

Margaret didn't bother arguing with him. She grabbed his wrist in an iron grip and gave it a vicious twist.

"Why, you so-and-so," he snarled, pulling out a knife, I'll show you..."

In a flash, Margaret dug an elbow into his ribs. As he bent over gasping, she sliced him across the neck. He went out like a light.

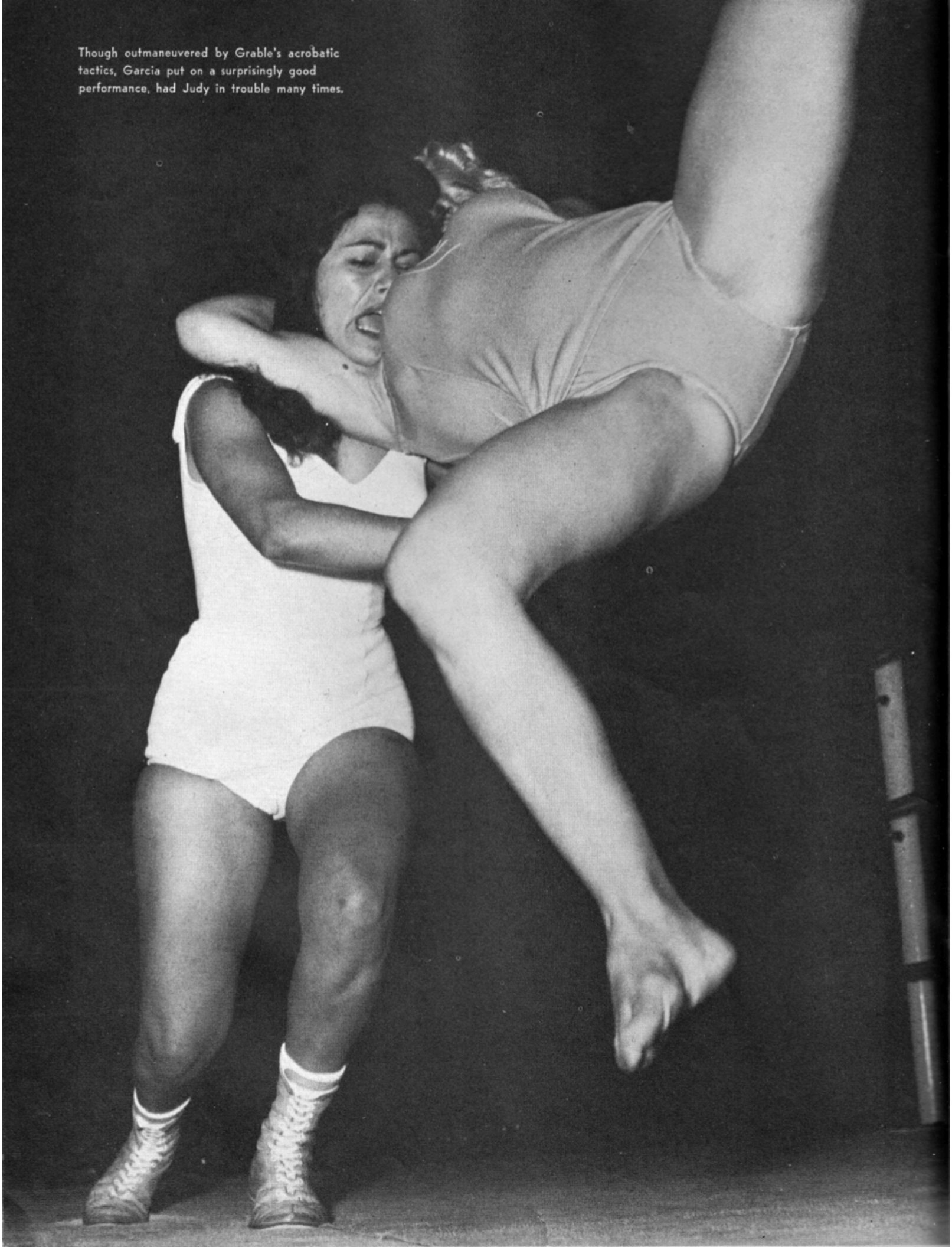
Senorita Garcia had done the job with such dispatch that no one had noticed anything. Smiling to herself, she went back to her flying dream.

Which was odd, because the Senorita from Seguin, Texas, prefers to travel by bus. When friends exhort her to fly, she says: "Traveling on buses might seem rough but it has its advantages. I get all the rest I need and, besides, it's a lot cheaper."

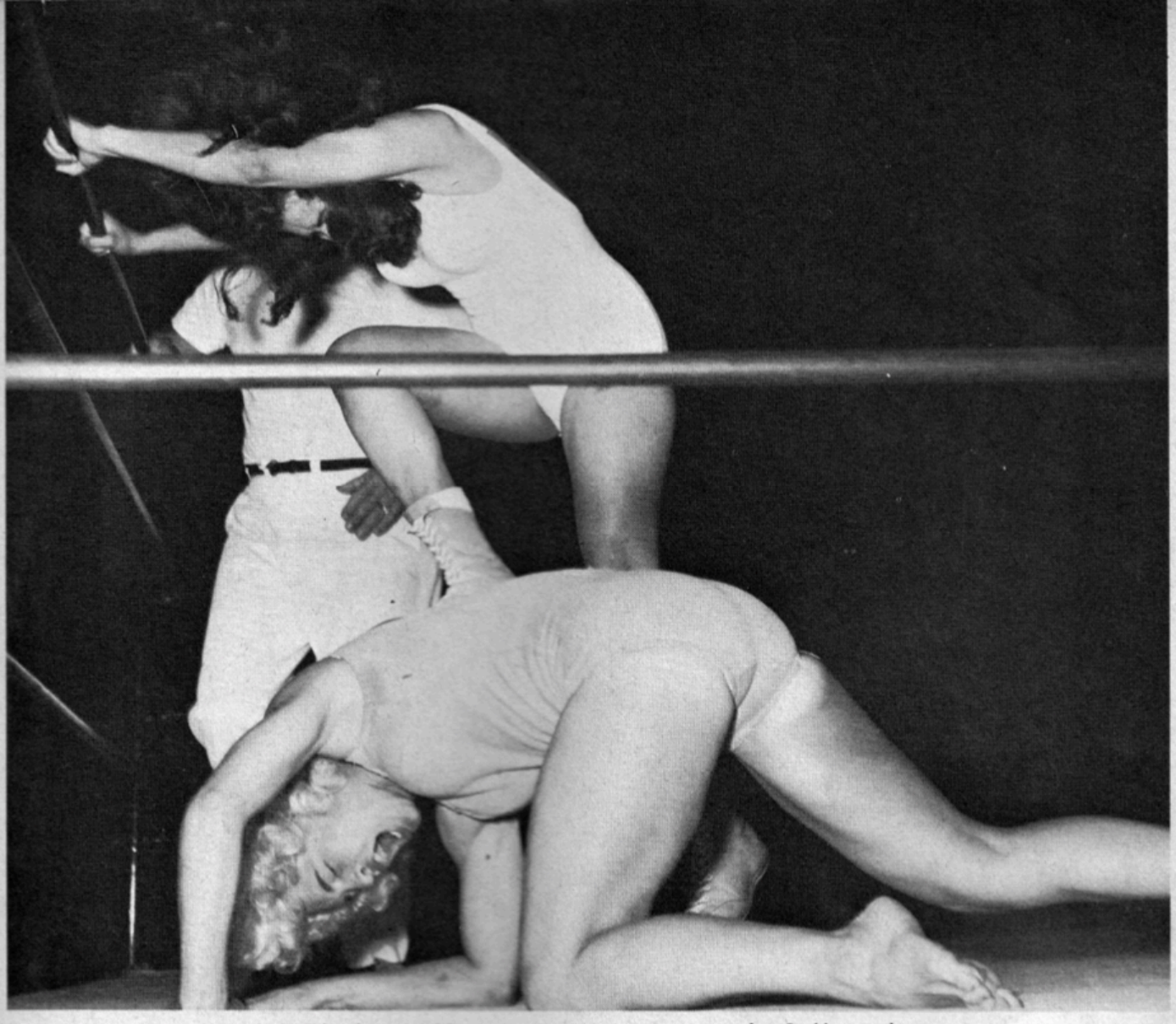
Of course, there's always the problem of fighting off unwelcome attentions. But Margaret figures she has that solved—in most cases, anyway.

"Look," she says, opening her purse. She shows you a cluster of rings.

"Depending on how I feel," she explains, "I wear either the wedding ring or the engagement ring. And you know? It works!"



Though outmaneuvered by Grable's acrobatic tactics, Garcia put on a surprisingly good performance, had Judy in trouble many times.



Getting her Latin up, Margaret goes on a stomping spree after Grable miscalculated a dropkick and landed on all fours. That's a fine way to treat an idol!

Senorita Garcia's only regret is that it's make-believe. She'd like to get married—but how does a girl find a husband when she's busy trekking all over the U.S. and Canada on a five-nights-a-week wrestling schedule?

She doesn't even have time to learn how to dance. And to Margaret, who loves music, that's almost as bad as not finding a husband.

Her folks would like her to marry and settle down. So would her four brothers and seven sisters.

"They don't like the idea of my wrestling for a living," she says. "But this is what I wanted to do ever since I was 13 years old."

Margaret, who's now 21, got her wish about a year after a hard whack at the amateurs, and was a big hit wherever she went.

Her most exciting moment came recently when she stepped into the ring with Judy Grable, her long-time favorite and idol.

Over the years, the 5'3", 125-pound Latin lady had attended many of Grable's matches, never realizing that one day she herself would be matched against the Tampa, Fla., acrobat.

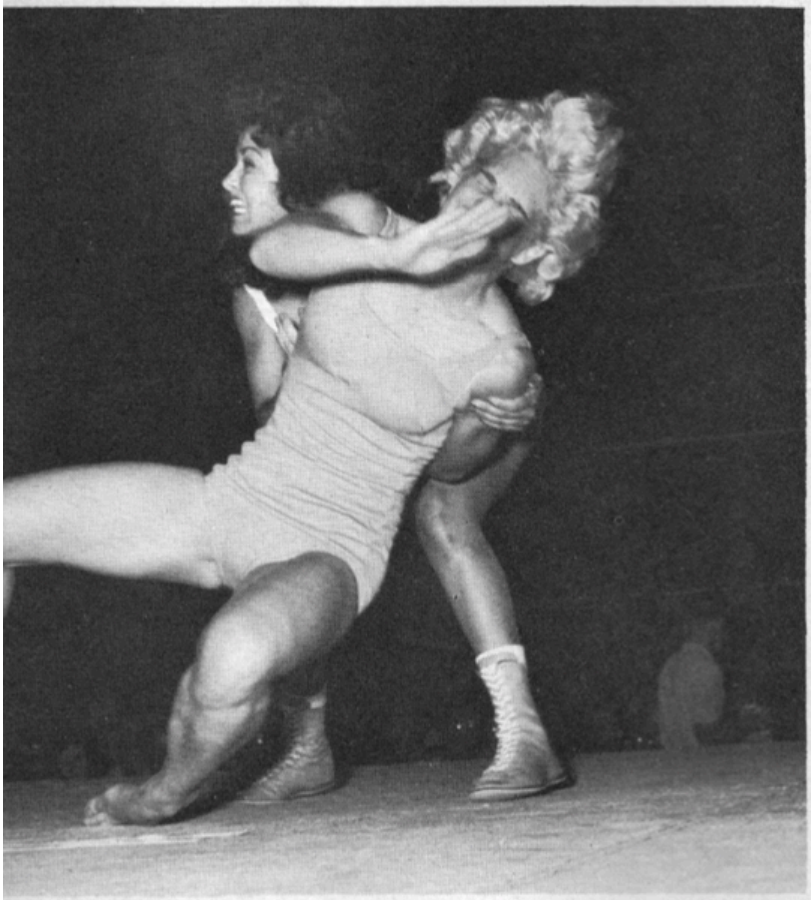
It took Senorita Garcia a little time to get over her awe of the mighty Grable. But when she did, she had the fans in a frenzy with her fiery Latin tactics.

Despite a tremendous effort, though, she couldn't cope with the clever Grable. "I have no excuses for losing," she said after the battle.

This blunt, straight-forward attitude is typical of this tough and highly-independent performer. Not that she's without sentiment. In fact, other girl wrestlers say she's got a marshmallow heart.

"Can you beat it?" remarked one. "She calls up her family after every match to let them know she's okay."

Somehow this didn't sound like the frugal senorita who travels by bus to save pesos.



Warming up to her work now, the Texas firebrand braces herself to whip Grable around and send her skittering to the canvas.

Judy knows it's bad manners to point, but that's about all she can do as Margaret applies excruciating pressure on her leg nerves. Grable finally got out of this fix by yanking at Garcia's boot.

Margaret hails from a small town just outside San Antonio and all those long-distance calls could add up to a sizable sum.

We asked her if it were true that she phoned her folks after every bout.

Her answer surprised us.

"Of course," she said. "Those calls mean everything to me. People think wrestling is a glamorous life. Well, it is—when you're in the ring and when you see your picture in the papers and magazines. But it's a very lonely life, too—especially for a single girl like me. When I talk to my family, I don't feel so lonely any more—I feel warm and happy inside. And I can go to sleep without worrying about anything except—"

"—except how to find a husband?" we interrupted.

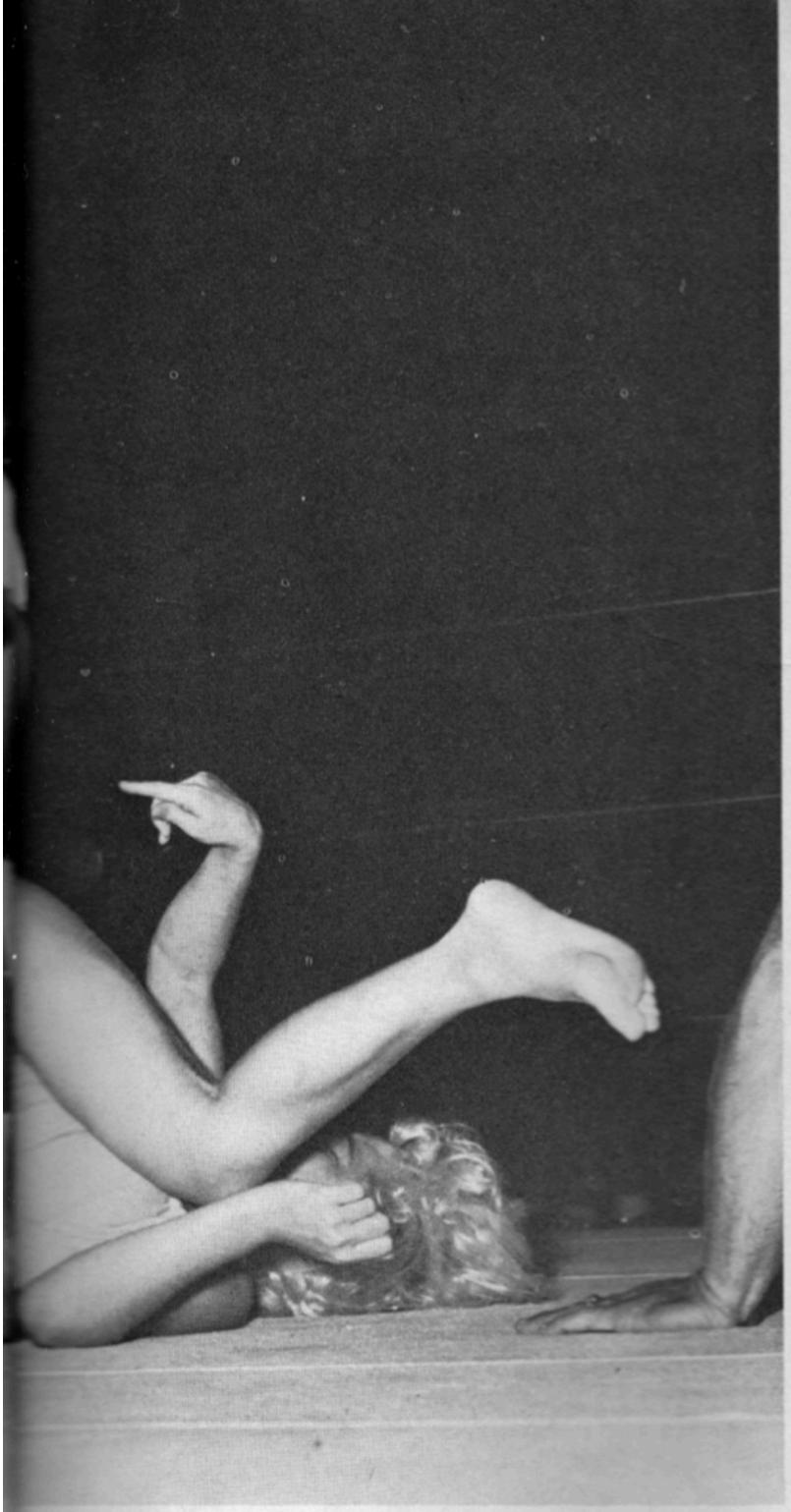
Margaret gave us a look of mock surprise.

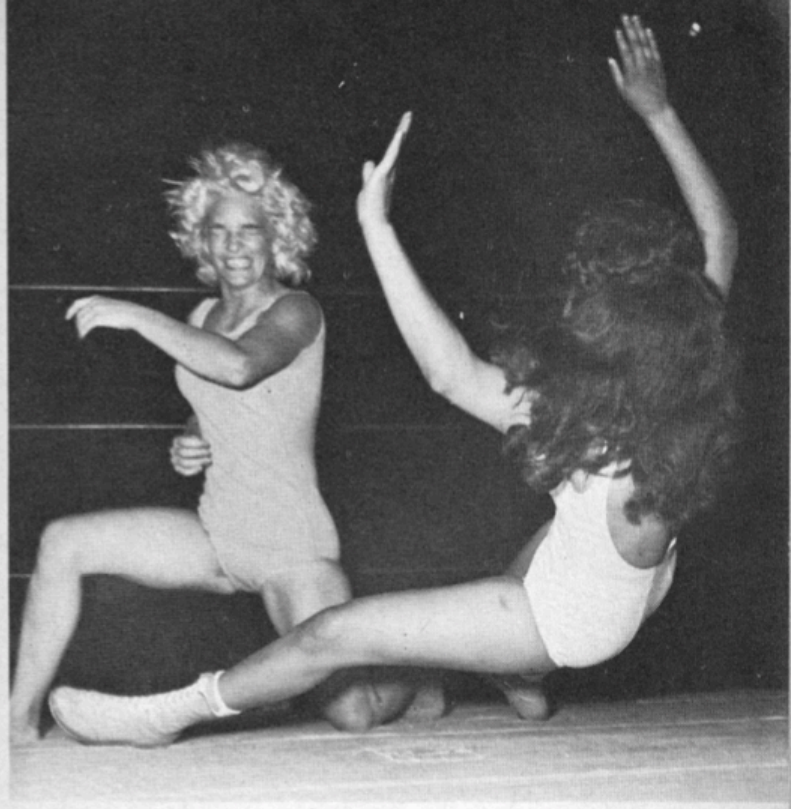
"You're not even close . . ."

"Except what, then?" we persisted.

She flashed a big grin.

"Except," she said, "how to make more money!" ■

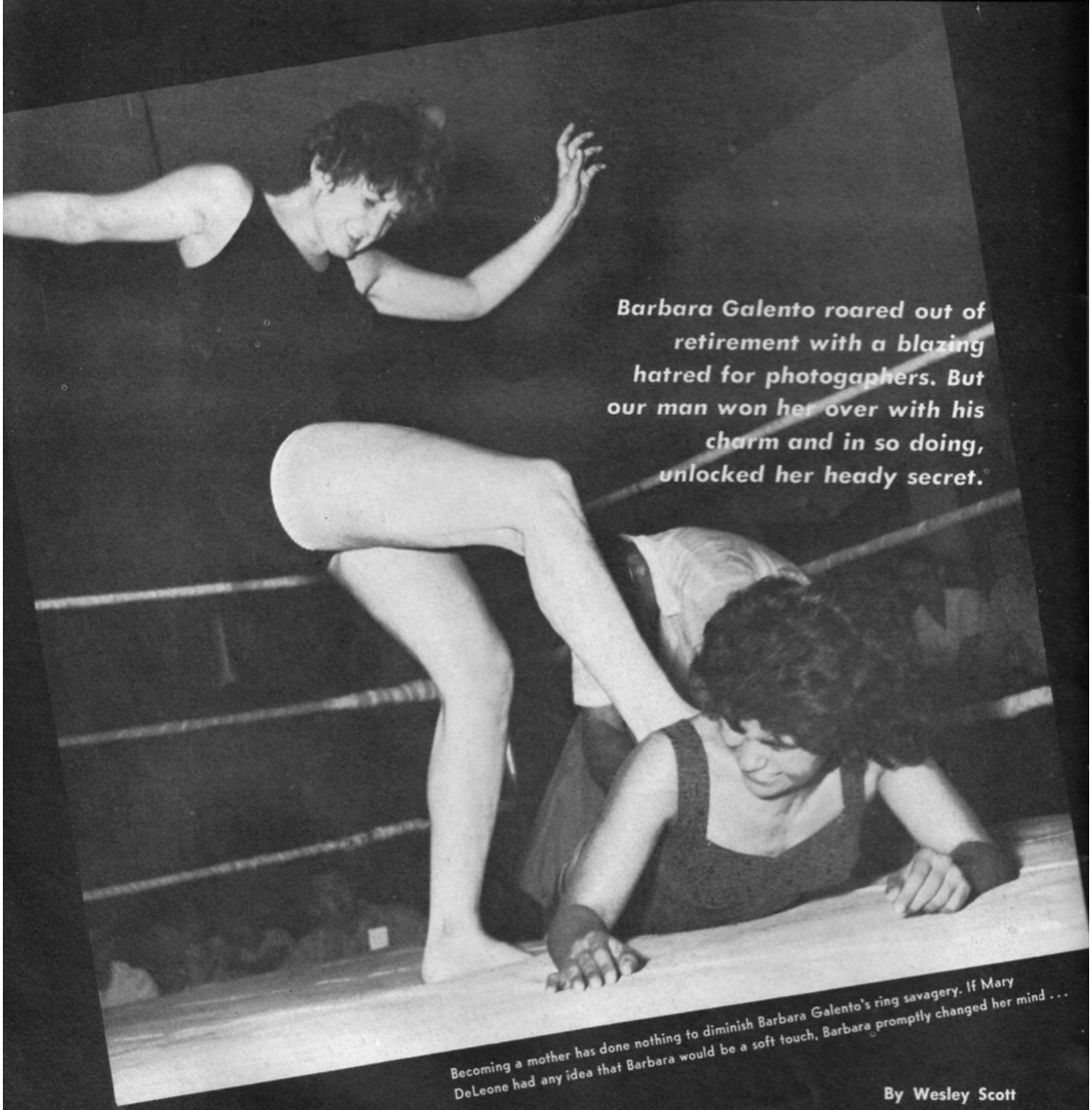




Now it's Judy's turn to blast off—and she does so with a vengeance, knocking Garcia on her back with a smash to the jaw.

Center right: Though she watches her pesos, Garcia always phones her folks in Seguin, Texas, after every bout to let them know she's all right. She spends a bundle on calls . . .

. . . But she makes up part of the expense traveling by bus. "It takes longer," she says, "but I don't really mind it."



Barbara Galento roared out of retirement with a blazing hatred for photogaphers. But our man won her over with his charm and in so doing, unlocked her heady secret.

Becoming a mother has done nothing to diminish Barbara Galento's ring savagery. If Mary DeLeone had any idea that Barbara would be a soft touch, Barbara promptly changed her mind . . .

By Wesley Scott

The NEW

Barbara Galento glared at our photographer. "Now get this straight," she said, dark eyes flashing. "You can interview me all you want and you can even take some pictures — **not too many,** though. But **only** in my dressing room. DON'T ever let me catch you taking any photos of me while I'm in the ring — or I'll have your head."

The cameraman, who had traveled all the way from Miami, Fla., to Tyler, Texas, protested. "But Barbara," he said, "I've come all the way out here to show our readers what the new Madam X looks like. You can't do this to me. It's unconstitutional."

"The hell I can't," Barbara snapped. "Remember, I've given you fair warning. If you don't like it, write a letter to the Supreme Court. Now hurry up with your questions. I'm going on in a few minutes."

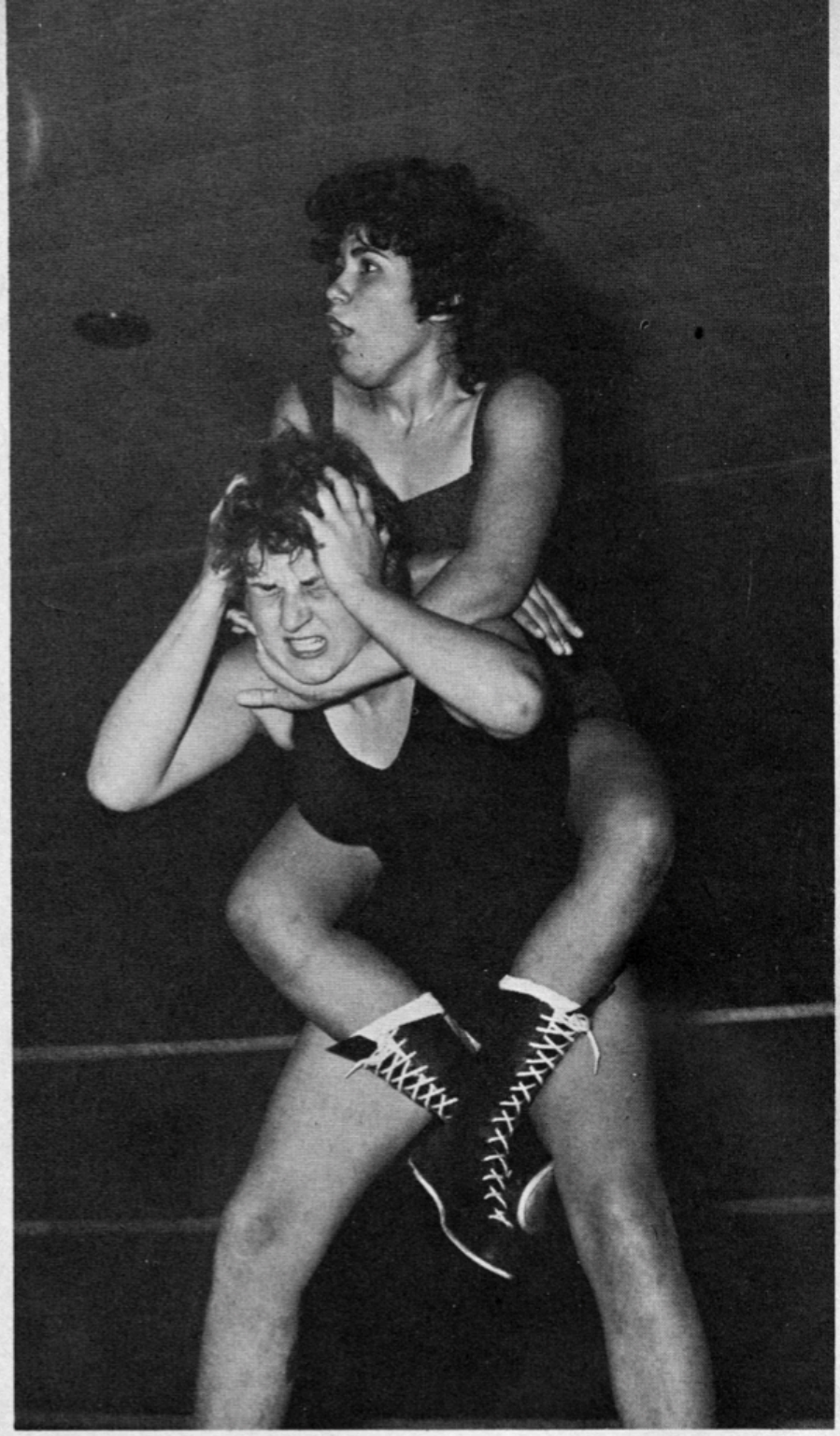
"First of all, why won't you let me take any pictures of you in the ring?"

"I thought you'd ask me that. Well, it's none of your business. I've got personal reasons."

"Okay, okay—just thought I'd ask. How about tonight's match? Are you worried about it? I hear this Mary DeLeone is a really tough baby."

"No, I'm not worried. But you used the right word in describing her—baby. And wrestling her is going to be just like taking candy from a baby."

"Barbara, I rushed out here the minute I heard you'd come out of retirement after two years. It's



... But DeLeone is no slouch herself in handing out punishment. So, tired of getting kicked in the back, she hops aboard Barbara for some fun of her own.

Madam X

nice to see you back in action. But what made you decide to return?"

"Well, you know how my dad is. Mario wanted me to quit when I got married. I didn't want to but he insisted. So I did—just to please him."

"What would he have done if you had refused?"

"Are you kidding? He would have knocked my block off."

"I know what you mean. You used to wrestle with him at one time, didn't you?"

Barbara allowed herself a smile. "In the ring," she said. "If you remember, we were the only father-daughter tag team in the business."

"Why did you break up?"

"Well, as I said, I got married and he didn't like the idea of a woman taking risks if she was planning on becoming a mother."

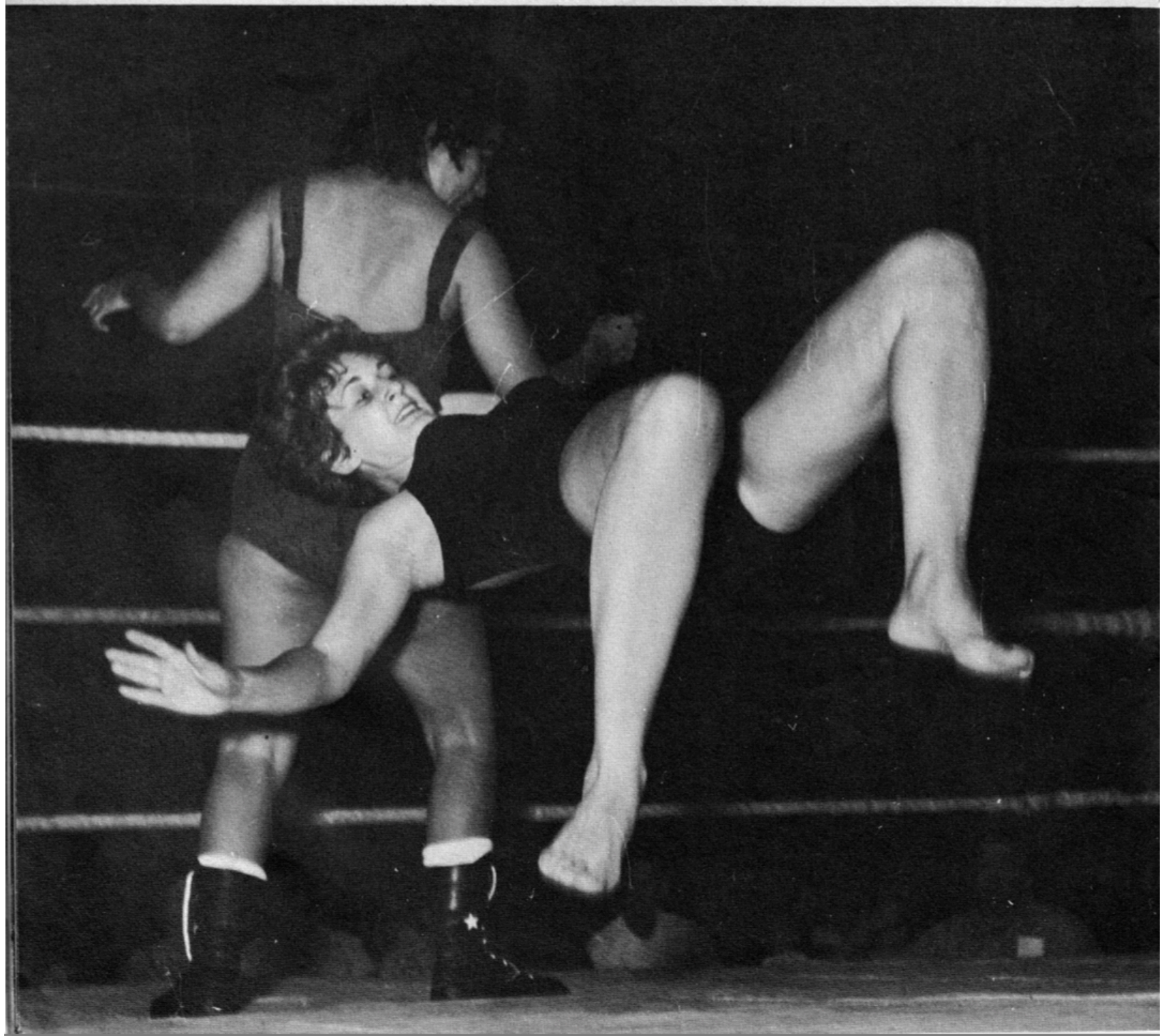
"Barbara, you look like a nice girl. Why do you talk so tough?"

"Oh," she said airily, "I have my soft moments. Ask Jim — Jim Beck, my husband. My father introduced me to him. He courted me through several states before we got married."

"You were running away from him?"

"Don't be silly. My family was traveling around a lot and I moved around with them. I was still in high school when I got my first match. That was six years ago. I was only 17 years old. I attended high school in 18 states and wrestled on the side."

Mary flips Galento for a four-point landing that must have made Barbara wonder if she did the right thing in leaving her pots and pans.



"It's a wonder you got any studying done."

Barbara patted her hair. "I managed."

"Are you settled down permanently now?"

"As permanently as anybody can be with my schedule. Jim and I, and our baby girl—my father named her Watanya Lee—are living in San Antonio, where Jim owns a beauty shop."

"People are going to be awfully confused when Watanya grows up and they ask her what her folks do for a living."

For the first time, Barbara laughed. "You bet they will. I'd love to see their expression when she says, 'Oh, my daddy is a hair stylist and my mother is a wrestler.' Won't that be a kick!"

"What did your husband do before he became a hair stylist?"

"He was a professional dancer. We used to dance a lot before we got married. Now . . ." She shrugged. "Now, we go out when we can find the time."

"Does Jim object to your wrestling?"

"No. In fact, he gets a big charge out of it . . . says it's good for my hair!"

"Well, thank you, Barbara. It's been nice talking to you."

"Wait a minute," she said, gripping his arm with steel fingers. "Remember what I told you—no action pictures of me . . ."

"Sure, Barbara, sure . . ."

The photographer really thought she was kidding—until he started snapping away at ringside. Barbara lunged at him, swinging a pair of shoes.

He fled but returned a few minutes later and clicked away while she was busy tussling with Mary DeLeone.

Coming off the ropes, Barbara spotted him and started going after him when Mary caught her in a wristlock and tossed her with a flying mare.

Because her husband, Jim, is a hair stylist, Barbara takes special pride in keeping her hair neat. Jim doesn't object to her wrestling: "He says it's good for my hair!"

There's danger in Barbara's eyes as she heads toward our photographer, swinging a pair of scuffs. She had warned him against taking action pictures of her. When he persisted, she chased him all around ringside.

Barbara tended strictly to business after that and, in a furious give-and-take, won the match with a thumping body slam.

Then she tended to unfinished business, chasing the photographer all around the ring while the fans roared with laughter.

But our man has had a lot of experience escaping from wrathful female wrestlers and managed to keep his skin—and camera—intact.

Later, through some officials, Barbara asked him to come to her dressing room. He went, with some misgivings.

Her warm greeting surprised him: "I'm sorry I gave you such a hard time. But you're a good Joe and I wanted to tell you that you can take my picture anytime . . . but only you. Nobody else!"

"I don't get it," our man said, suspiciously. "Why the switch? First you put your foot down and now you say okay. What have you got against action pictures anyway?"

Barbara smiled. "I might as well tell you. Blame it on my vanity, if you will, but when I'm wrestling my hair becomes a mess."

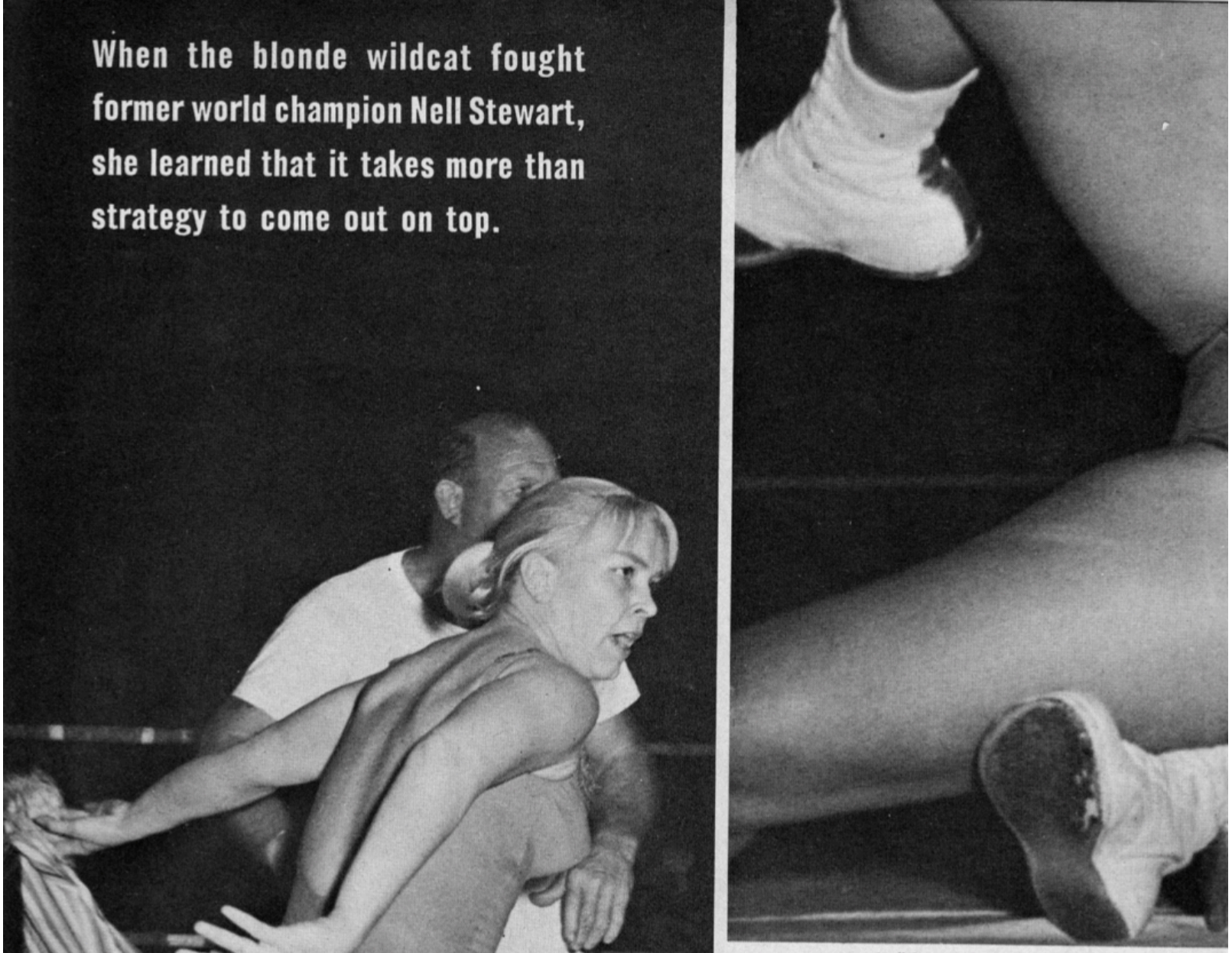
"So what? You can't help that. It's part of your job . . ."

"Sure, but how would you feel if you were a hair stylist and you saw a picture of your wife looking like a mess in a national magazine?"

"If I had set your hair, I'd be pretty mad."

"Well," said Barbara, "so would Jim." ■

When the blonde wildcat fought former world champion Nell Stewart, she learned that it takes more than strategy to come out on top.



Nell Stewart—an old hand at making foes

The Night

You couldn't blame Penny Banner for being nervous. It wasn't because she was scheduled to wrestle Nell Stewart, former world titleholder and a longtime foe. Far from it — Penny was sure she could match her ability against Stewart's any day.

No, what bothered Banner was the possibility that Stewart might goad her into blowing her top—and the bout with it. It was a very real possibility because if you've ever seen Penny in action, you know she's as hotheaded as they come.

cry "Uncle!"—took less than a second to nail Penny in this position. And it was Penny's own fault—because she knew what was going to happen!

Penny Banner Lost Her Head

By Lester Wilson

Now Banner is a strong, independent-minded girl. But she's smart, too, and knows her faults. So, whenever she has a problem she usually turns to her husband, Johnny Weaver, for advice. Johnny, a topflight wrestler himself, is just the man to counsel her because he's a relatively calm, easy-going guy with a brain like a steel trap.

So Penny discussed the situation with Johnny on the afternoon of her match. "You know that Stewart," she said grimly. "Sure as I'm sitting here, she's going to try and get my goat. If she does, you know what'll happen. I'll forget everything I ever learned and try to murder her. I've got to keep from blowing my stack. But how?"

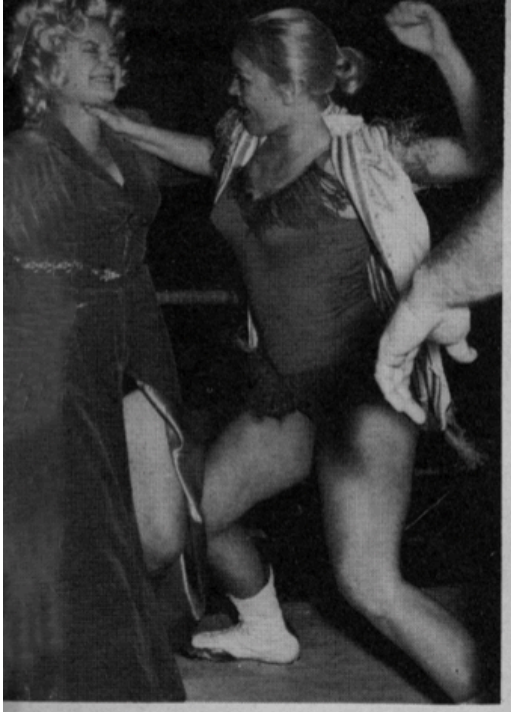
"Why, honey, that's easy," Johnny said. "All you have to do is think about something funny—like the way you look in the ring when your hair gets all mussed up."

That may have sounded flippant, but it really wasn't. Penny **does** look funny when her blonde hair is swirling down over her face.

"Are you calling me a sheep dog again?" she said, swinging a harmless fist at Johnny's jaw. Weaver grinned." Not me," he said with mock alarm. "I know better."

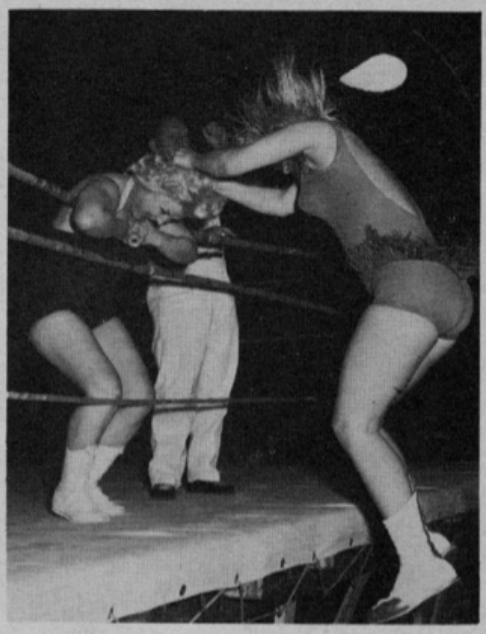
Banner thought over Johnny's suggestion. Then, slapping her thighs, she said: "Okay, that ought to do the trick. Now if I can only keep that mop out of my eyes I'll be all right."

Penny met Nell in a corridor of Houston's Coliseum that night as they came out of their dressing rooms.



Penny's first mistake was letting Nell get her goat. She slugged the ex-champion even before the bout got under way.

Warned by referee to stop choking Banner, Nell tells him to "go away and stop bothering me."



Penny tries to tear Nell's hair out by the roots as she sails out of the ring after a blast by Stewart. Banner took a beating until she finally got control of herself.

"Hello, Penny," Nell said, surveying her opponent's costume. "You look marvelous in that outfit. Isn't it the same one you wore four years ago in El Paso?"

Penny smiled sweetly. "How nice of you to remember, Nell. That was the night you had trouble crawling through the ropes, wasn't it? Well, I know how it is when someone's trying to diet. But on you, even the bulges look good."

Then the claws got sharper...

"By the way, Penny, where are you getting your hair done these days? It makes you look like a girl I saw in a recent movie. What was the title now... ? Something like, 'I Was a Teenage Monster,' wasn't it?"

And sharper...

"Oh, I never go to teenage movies, Nell. But getting back to your diet—you know, if you had my curves you wouldn't need any angles. And those sweaters you wear. Really, Nell, all they do for you is make you itch."

Well, they kept right at it until they got into the ring. And then, as the referee looked on in astonishment, they suddenly attacked each other even before they could remove their robes.

The referee managed to separate them—but the damage was done as far as Penny was concerned. She was boiling. Completely forgotten were Johnny's words of advice. When the bell rang, she tore out of her corner like a tigress.

Nell, quickly recovering her composure, sidestepped the lunge and toppled Penny from behind, twisting her arm as she did so.

Banner howled with pain. Stewart applied more pressure. Penny was in such agony that tears spurted to her eyes.

Finally she managed to break loose by banging Stewart in the head with her knee. Nell staggered momentarily, then drove Penny across the ropes, where she slugged her repeatedly with her left hand while she held Penny's chin with her right.

How Banner recovered from that assault she'll never know. But suddenly she was in mid-ring again, flaming mad. She lunged at Nell — so awkwardly that the crowd groaned. Nell downed her easily with a chop across the neck. Then, straddling her, she tried to yank Penny's head off.

By now the fans were howling like fury. Through the roar, Penny heard something click in her brain. "What am I doing?" she asked herself. "I'm wrestling like an amateur. I've got to get out of this grip and calm down..."

She waited until Nell gave another mighty tug and then, feeling a slight easing up in the pressure, slid out of the hold.

Scrambling to her feet, Penny circled warily. No clumsy lunges now. She had complete control of herself.

She feinted a kick. Nell fell for it and Penny moved in with smashing blows to the body. Then she drove Stewart into the ropes, loosed a tremendous drop kick—and that was it. The former champion was out.

Later that evening, Penny told Johnny what had happened. Weaver hadn't attended the match; he'd been busy with one of his own.

"So the strategy worked, eh?" he said.

"Uh, huh," Penny replied.

With a big smile, she added: "I did just what you told me to do, Johnny—I didn't lose my head."

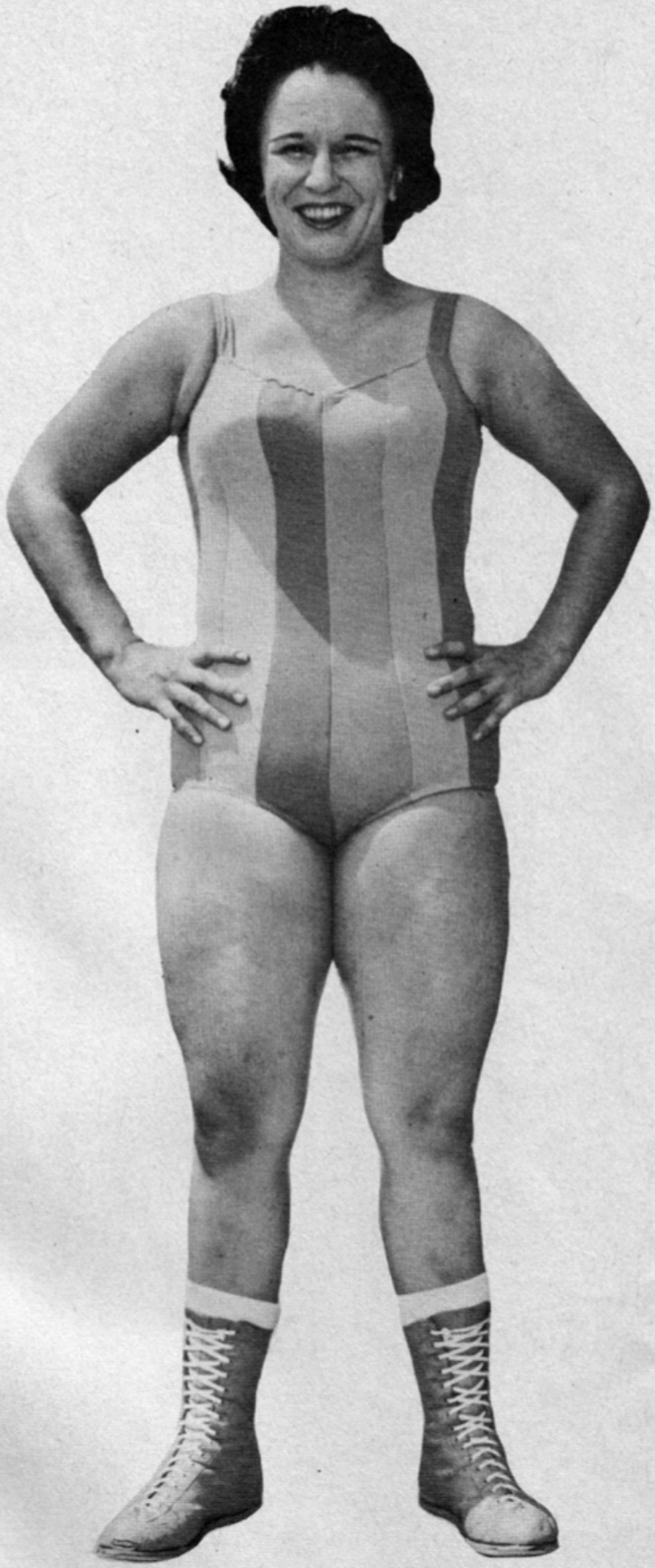
Johnny will never know what she really meant by that—until he reads this. ■

Bonus Feature

PINUP GALLERY

Brenda Scott

Rita Cortez

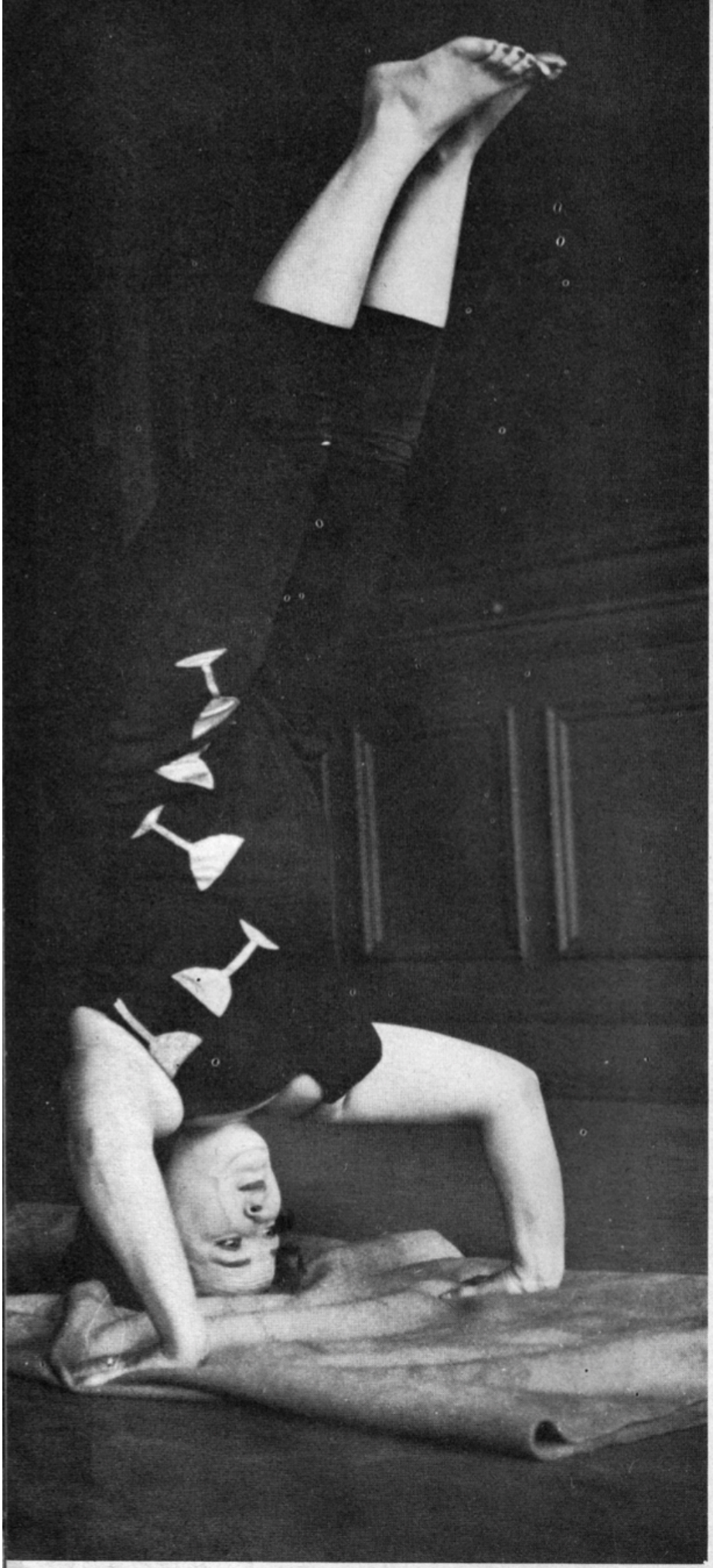


Vicki Adams

Fran Gravette

Margaret Garcia

Kathy Starr



Though she had a promising future as a ballet dancer, pint-sized Marlene Parker tried everything to get into wrestling – even stood on her head. When you ask why she knocked herself out, she says . . .

I DID IT FOR KICKS

By Mel Courtney

Though she's standing on her head, things are looking up for chubby Marlene. But it took some doing before she cracked the ranks of professional wrestling. Promoters told her that she was "too nice a lady" to get mixed up in such a rough game.

It isn't every day you run across an unusual performer like Marlene Parker.

What makes Marlene unusual?

Well, for one thing, she's the smallest girl in wrestling — only 4-11.

For another, she virtually danced her way into professional wrestling.

Yes, we said **danced.** For despite her plump, 125-pound figure, this blue-eyed redhead is a former ballet star. And she gave up a promising future on the stage to become a wrestler.

Now you'd think that a small girl with a ballet background would have a tough time making good in such a rugged sport. And you'd be right.

Marlene **did** have a tough time. But the biggest obstacle she had to overcome was doubt.

Not that she lacked confidence; Marlene has enough confidence—and courage—to tackle a cageful of tigers.

But promoters would take one look at her soft, cuddly body and shake their heads. Like the one who said: "You're too nice a lady to get mixed up in this business. Why don't you get your kicks on the stage?"

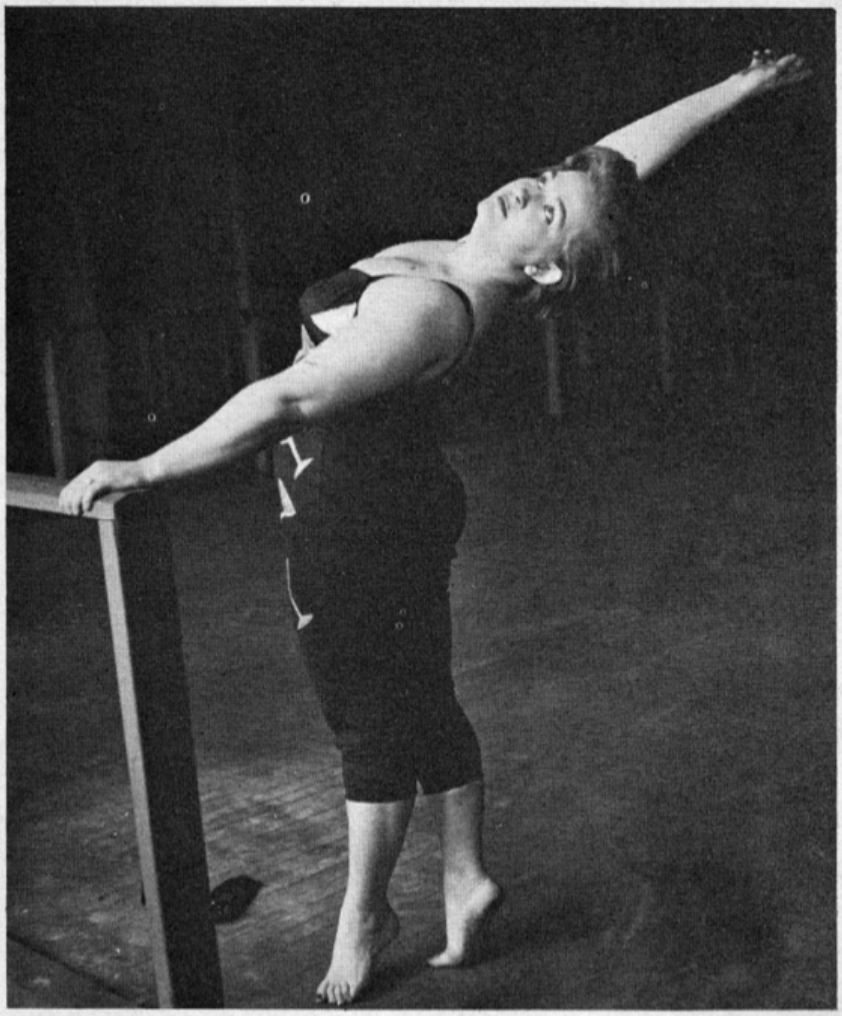
The trouble was, Marlene didn't get any kicks on the stage. After eight years of ballet, she was bored stiff. She wanted action—the more violent the better.

She tried everything to impress promoters. She reminded them that ballet dancers look fragile but are really tough and muscular.

"I told them we got that way from years of hard training. Besides, I said, ballet dancers develop a great sense of balance and coordination—two important factors in wrestling."

But no matter how hard she tried she couldn't persuade anyone to give her a chance.

"And how I tried!" Marlene said. "I did flips and cartwheels



Marlene tried to convince skeptics that ballet dancers possess all the attributes that make for a successful wrestler—plenty of muscle, balance and coordination. She argued and argued—but got nowhere until she decided to become a schemer.

When 125-pound Parker clashes with 235-pound Bernice LaRue (right), something's gotta give. In this case, it's LaRue's jaw as Parker slams back after sampling Bernice's dirty tactics.

. . . I even stood on my head. But all I got was the old brushoff."

What does a girl do under such circumstances? Some just quit. Others become schemers. Marlene decided to become a schemer.

It was against her nature—but like Lola, whatever Marlene wants, Marlene gets. And so she dropped all mention of her ballet background.

The next time she saw a promoter she knew just what to say. It was after some local matches near her hometown of Elkhorn, Wisc., about three years ago.

She charmed her way past the guard and slipped into the promoter's office. Looking up at him with grim determination, she said:

"Those girls you had out there tonight were absolutely terrible. I could beat them any night in the week."

The promoter sized up her 38-25-36 figure and grinned. "You think so?" he said politely.

"Yes, I think so," she said. "Why, I've seen better women wrestlers at the YWCA."

"How old are you, lassie?" he asked.

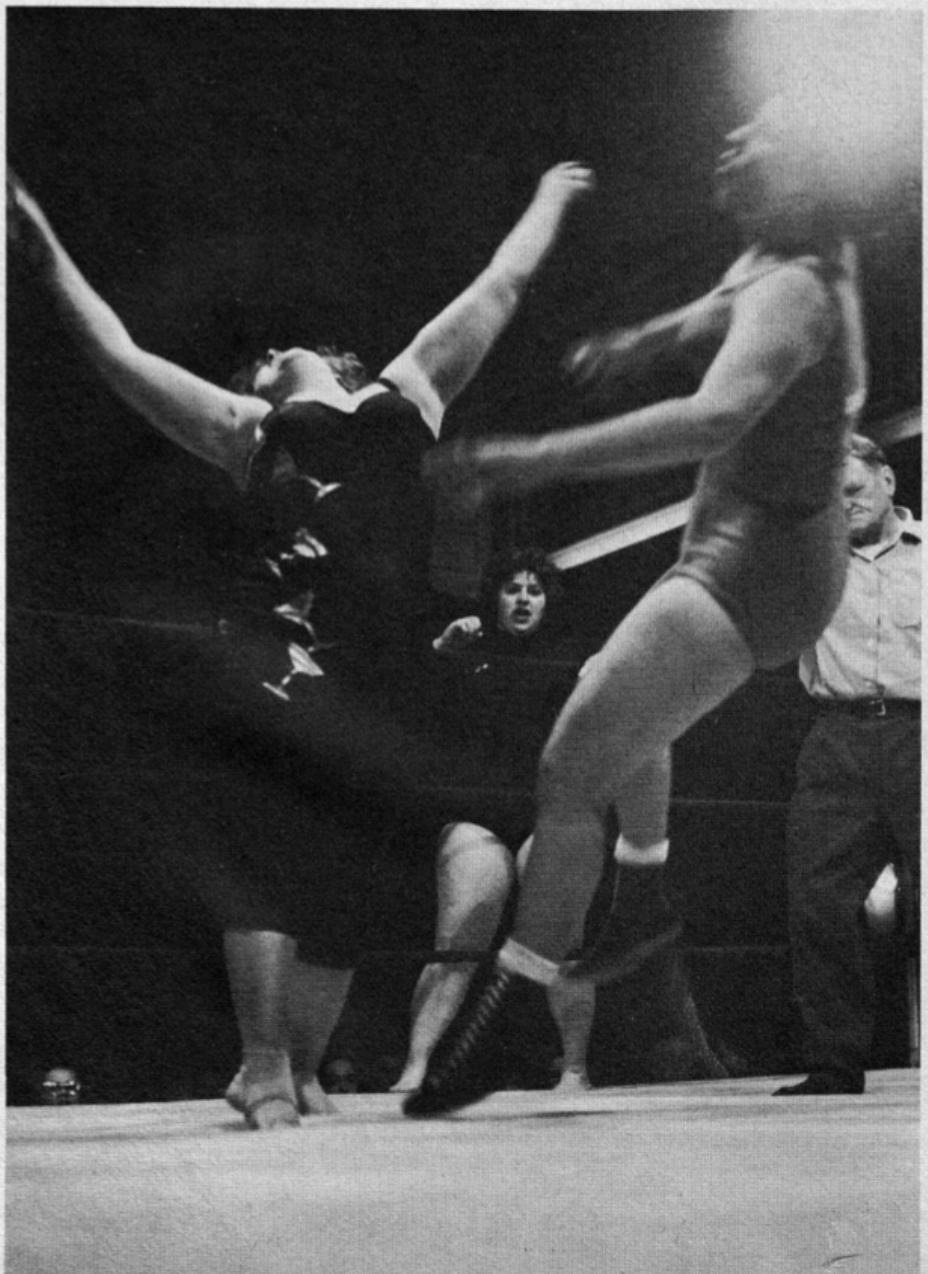
"Twenty," Marlene said, jutting out her chin as if meeting a challenge.

"Done any wrestling?"

"Plenty! I was high school champion four years running and beat everybody they threw at me in college."

The promoter was amused. Another amateur hopeful, he thought. But he liked her spunk. "Come around to the gym tomorrow

Marlene (left) may be small (4'11") but, oh my, how she can wrestle! Rita Crawford learns this with painful embarrassment as she topples backward to the mat after a belly-whomping.



afternoon," he said, "and we'll see what you can do."

When Marlene arrived the next day, the promoter decided to have some fun. He called over one of the toughest girls in the business and said: "This is Miss Parker. She thinks she can wrestle. Try her out and let me know. I'll be back in about five minutes."

He figured Marlene would be gone by then, badly mauled and with her tail between her legs. But when he returned, the star—and not Marlene—was gone.

"What happened?" he asked. "Didn't you two get started yet?"

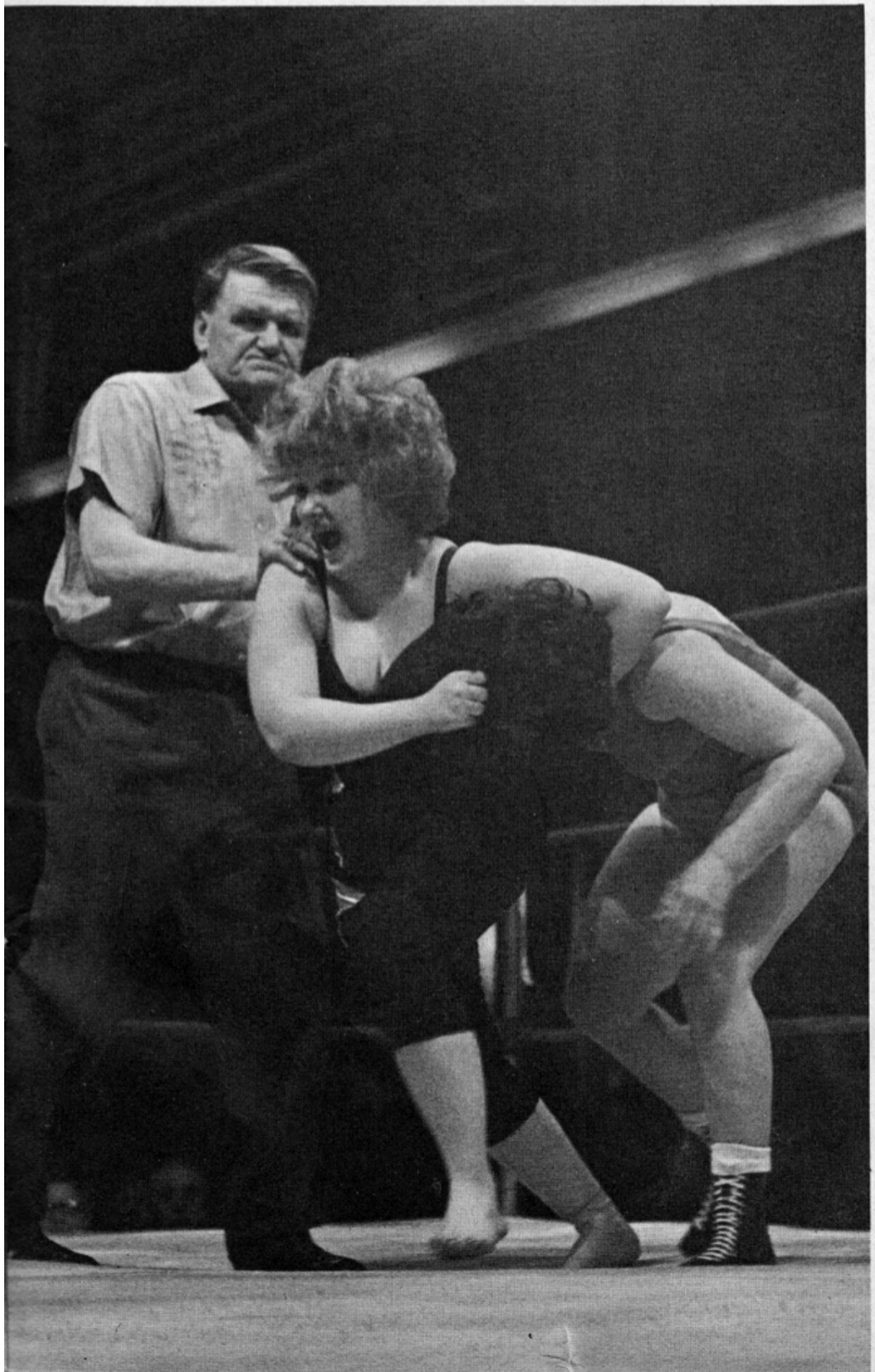
This time it was Marlene's turn to be amused. "Oh, sure," she said casually.

"Well, where is X———?" he said, mentioning a name that we will omit out of charity.

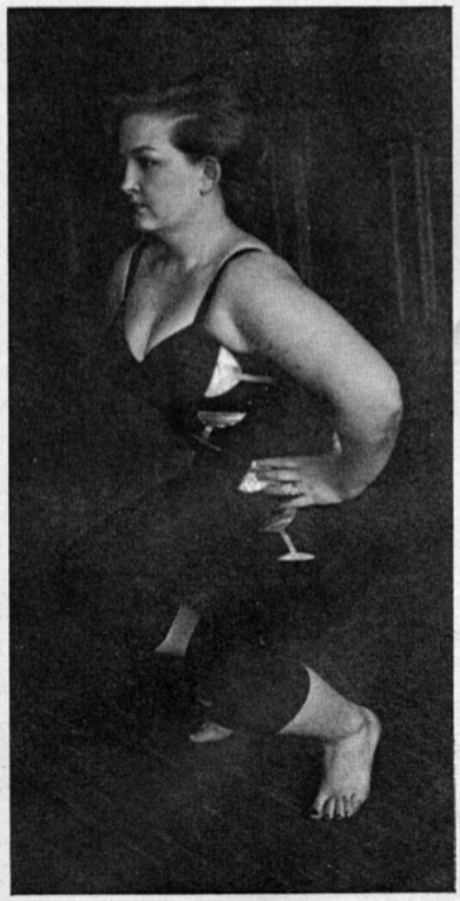
"I really don't know," said Marlene, looking up at him with those innocent blue eyes. "All I know is that she left in a hurry.

"Only," she added, "she seemed to have some trouble walking. In fact, she had a bad limp in her left leg . . ."

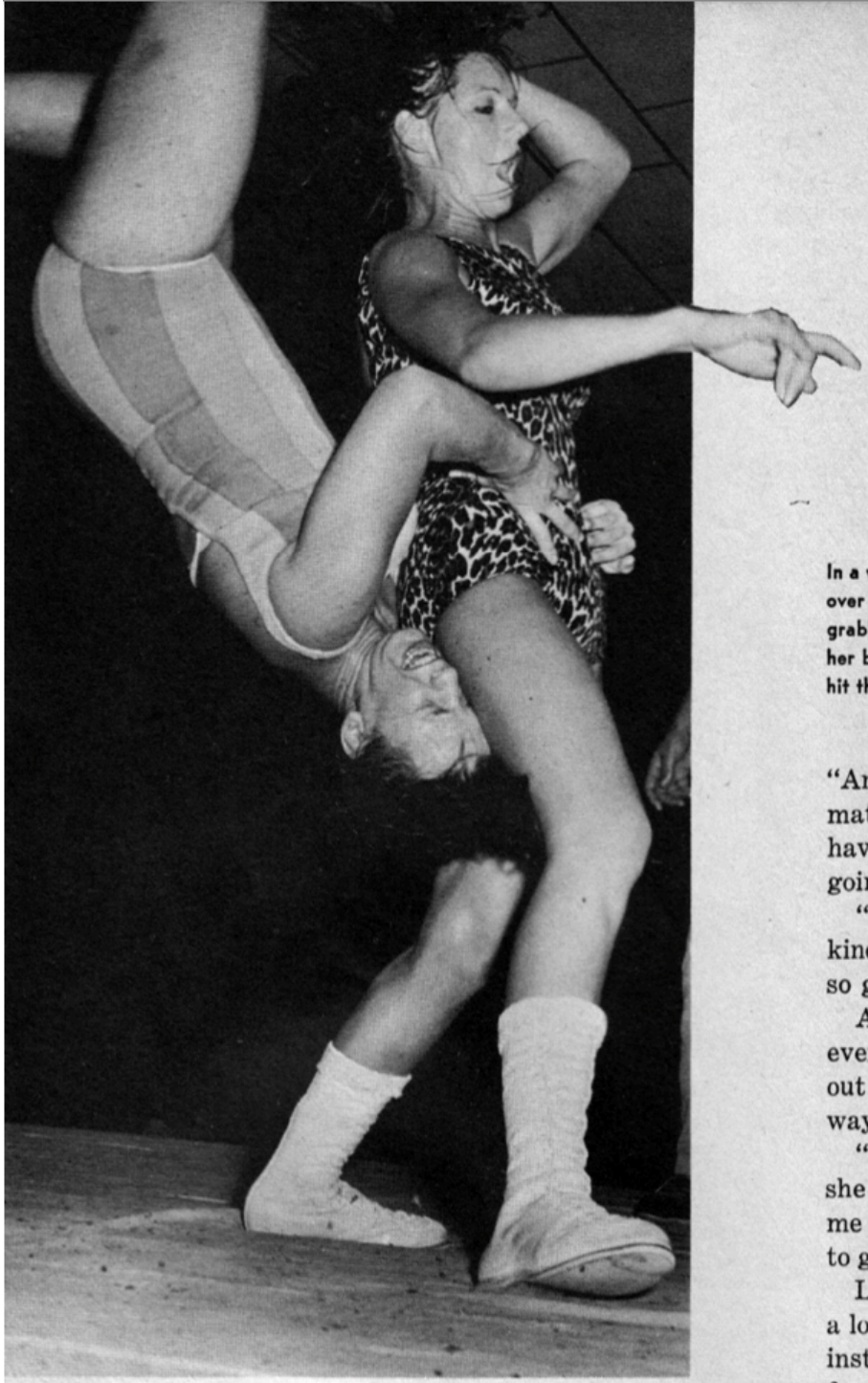
. . . And that, friends, is how Marlene Parker got her start in wrestling. ■



Parker doesn't need any help from her partner when she's in this rip-snortin' mood. Grabbing Crawford by the neck and hair, she steers her for a big smash into the nearest ring post.



Redhaired Marlene has a beautifully sculptured figure that delights male spectators everywhere. She does over 250 kneebends every day to get more spring in her bounce.



'I can't understand women going in for such an undignified sport...'

In a wild spurt of action, Casey tosses Vicki Adams over her shoulder. Vicki, her legs churning the air, grabbed Anne around the waist to keep from landing on her back. But the momentum was too great and she hit the canvas with a thud that rattled the ring posts.

Continued from Page 13

blazes into action, there's no mistaking where she belongs—in the jungle.

As you watch her stalk her opponents, then explode with fury, you can't help but liken her to a snarling, spitting panther. And appropriately enough, she always wears a panther-patterned costume in the ring.

"She's like a panther, all right," moaned one badly-clawed opponent. "Beautiful—and vicious."

Wrestling was the farthest thing from Casey's mind when she was working in a Mobile beauty parlor in the late 50's.

"I didn't know a thing about it," she says. "And when some clients started to rave about the matches they'd seen the night before, I couldn't have cared less. You see, I couldn't imagine women going in for such an undignified sport.

"But then these clients started talking about the kind of lives women wrestlers lead and it sounded so glamorous that I became fascinated."

Anne saw a few matches herself and became even more intrigued. She had always been a standout at school sports and now, suddenly, she saw a way out of her dead-end job.

"I got in touch with Buddy Lee, the promoter," she says. "He was pretty nice about it, but he told me he didn't think I was the 'type.' I begged him to give me a try."

Lee was amazed by her ability. Sure, she needed a lot of training and polish. But she had a natural instinct for wrestling and he knew she could go far if she were handled right.

After an intensive training period, Anne turned pro in 1960. She proved a sensation right from the start and soon battled her way into the top ranks.

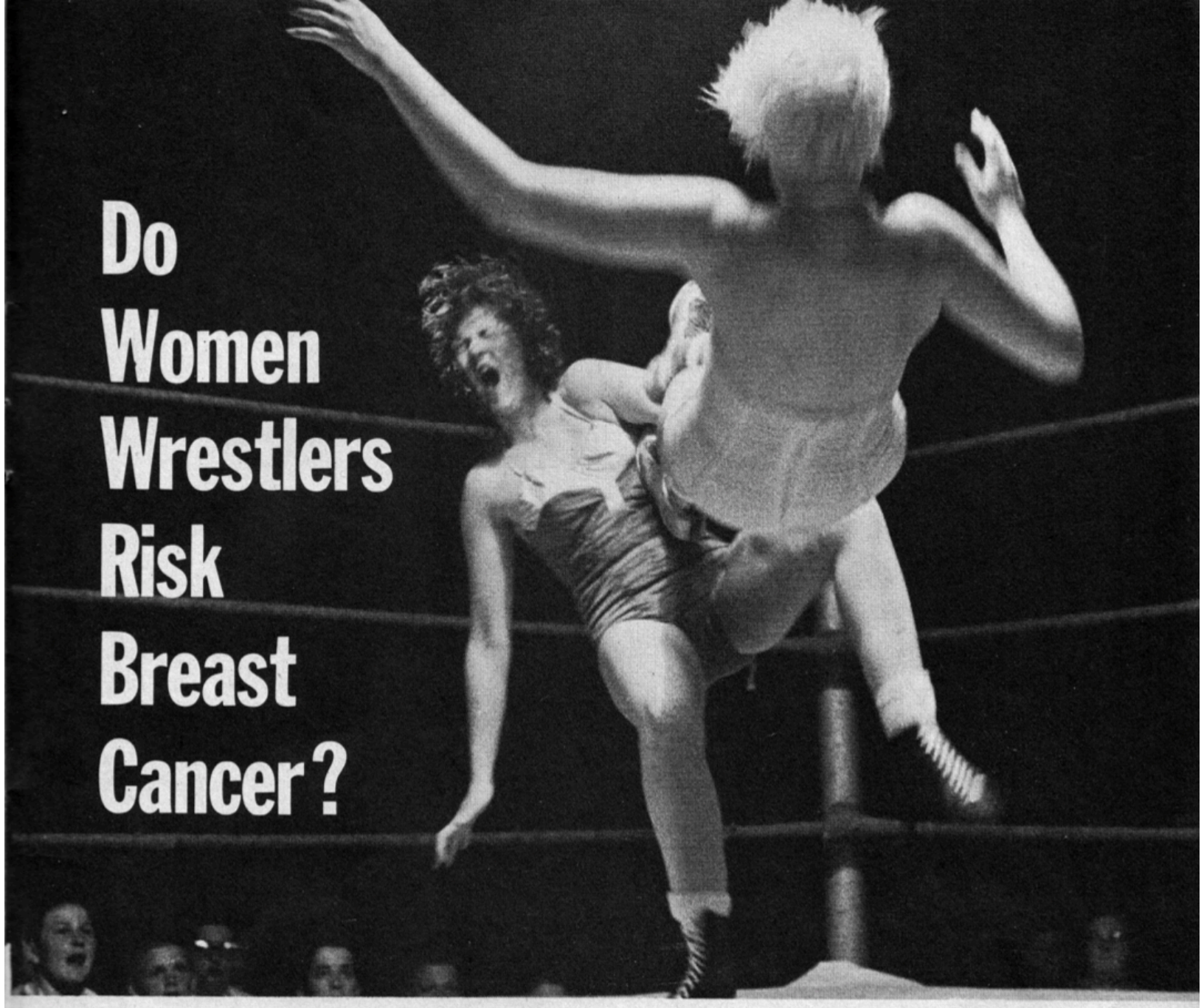
Looking back at her beauty parlor days, Anne said: "The peculiar thing is that I would have never got into wrestling if it hadn't been for those gabby clients."

"What do you mean?" she was asked.

"Well," she smiled, "they weren't regular customers. They'd come into Mobile for some sort of convention—and had taken in the matches as part of a package tour."

She paused, then added: "My regular clients **never** went to the matches." ■

Do Women Wrestlers Risk Breast Cancer?



Unusual camera shot captures the moment of impact as Elaine Ellis topples Mary Hillis with a drop-kick to the left breast.

THE swiftness of the attack took the crowd by surprise. One second, Elaine Ellis was getting off the mat. The next, she was a white blur of airborne fury. Mary Hillis tried desperately to avoid Elaine's drop-kick but she wasn't fast enough and it caught her squarely on the left breast.

There was a gasp from the crowd as Hillis, her face twisted in agony, crumpled to the canvas, clutching her breast. A moment before, she had infuriated the fans with her brutal tactics. Now every man and woman in the arena felt a tremendous rush of sympathy for her.

It wasn't the first time a woman wrestler had been almost paralyzed with pain from a blow to the breast. It's part of the game. Yet it always shocks the fans, who fear the worst—cancer—and wonder if special padding shouldn't be used to protect this delicate and tender part of a woman's body.

Top medical experts consulted by GIRL WRESTLING were divided about the danger of cancer. Said one: "We have not established what causes cancer but we do know it can develop from an irritation. A heavy kick might produce a malfunction which could trigger breast cancer."

Said another: "The breasts are one of the most sensitive parts of a woman and it is foolish to endanger them in any way. A direct blow could produce incalculable harm."

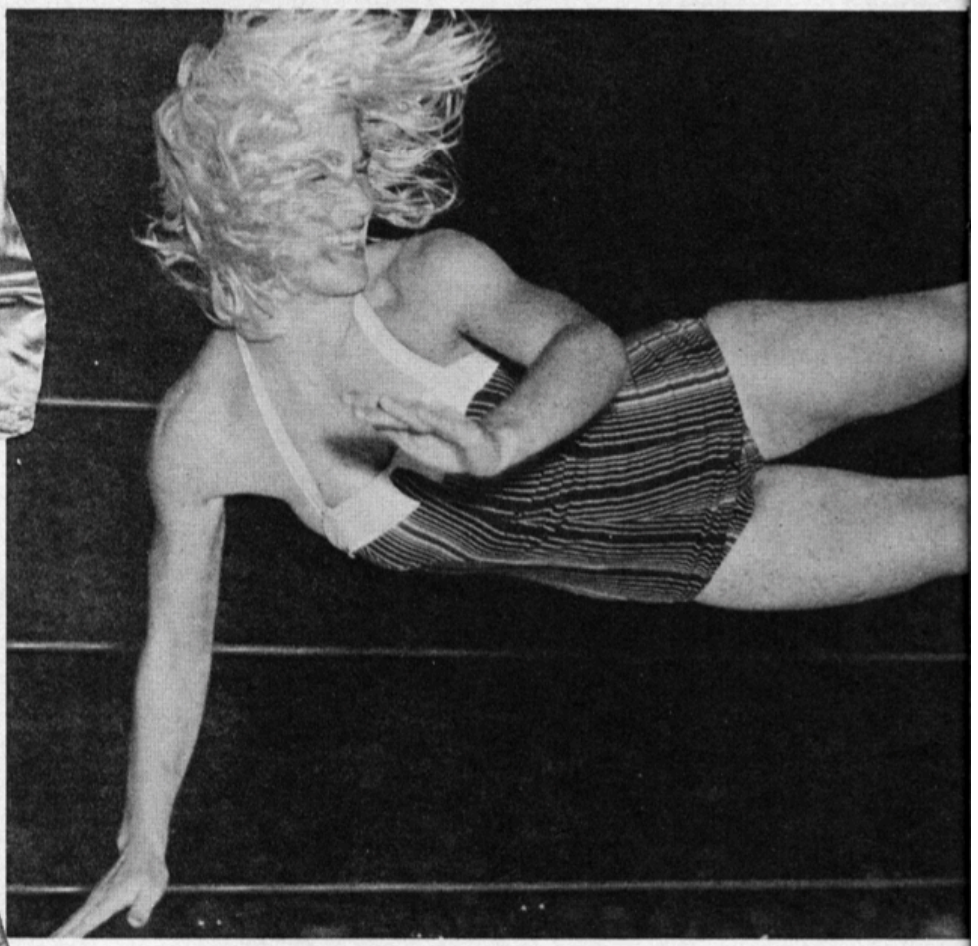
Both comments were from male doctors. From a female surgeon came a more cheerful reaction: "Most men are naive about such things. They don't realize that, although a woman's breasts are very sensitive, they can absorb considerable punishment."

What is victim Mary Hillis' reaction? Says Mary: "I would, of course, rather do the kicking than be on the receiving end. But this is our job and sometimes you can't avoid getting hurt. Let's face it: wrestling is a rough, primitive sport. But that's what the fans pay to see." ■

Judy Grable Tells

Why I HATE

JUDY GRABLE

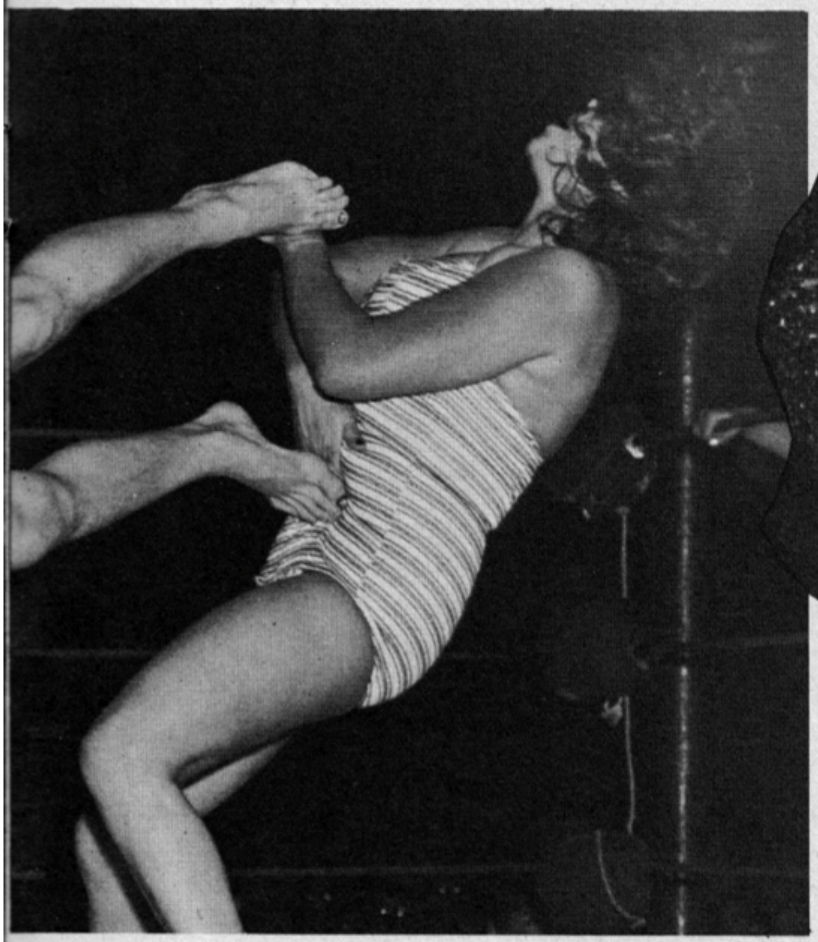


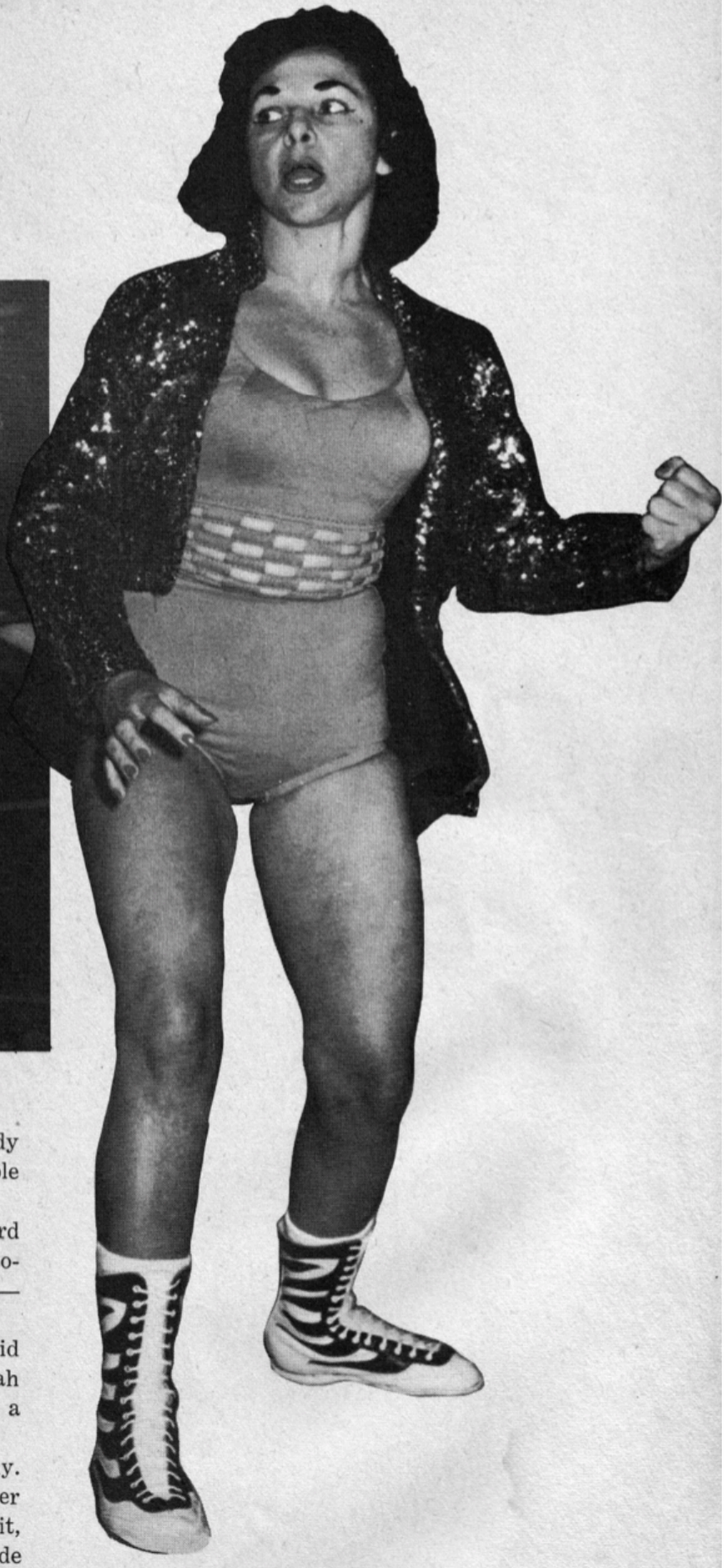
When Judy takes to the air, she usually lands on target. In this case, it's a perfect drop-kick at Moolah. Judy learned her tricks in the circus.

...Or does she? It's hard to tell after this nutty interview with the 'Barefoot Contessa,' whose specialty, oddly enough, is the Kangaroo Flip. And that's no cocktail...!

By Joan Greenwood

Moolah





FABULOUS MOOLAH

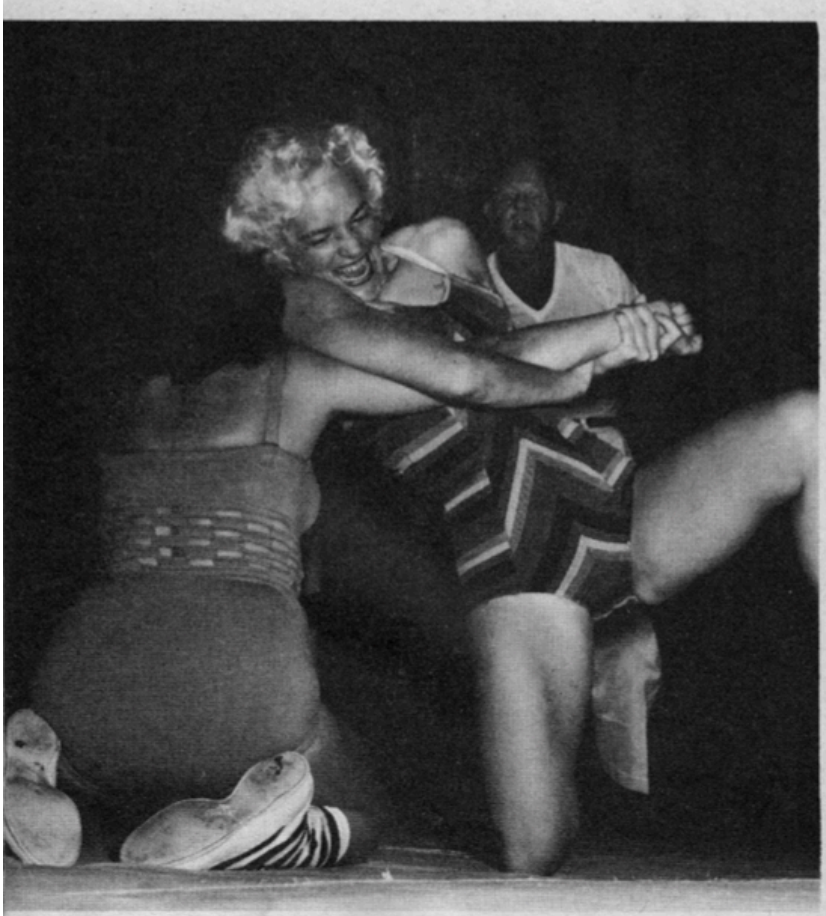
"WHAT ARE YOU trying to do," asked Judy Grable, cocking a blue eye, "stir up trouble between Moolah and me?"

"Not at all," we said. "It's just that we heard you two weren't exactly a mutual admiration society. In fact, it's been said that you hate her—if you'll pardon the expression—guts."

Judy arched her brows in surprise. "Where did anybody get **that** idea?" she said. "Why, Moolah is a wonderful person, a tremendous mat talent, a woman of great charm . . ."

She paused and examined her nails carefully. "Of course," she added, "that's not what other people think. And they're not very nice about it, either. I remember a crack one woman fan made about her. She said, 'Moolah's got a contagious

It's tough to tell who's who here, but if you look closely you'll notice that Moolah has Judy (striped suit) wondering which side is up.



There's one thing about Judy: she really gets pleasure out of her work. Above, she's practically bustin' out laughing as she clamps a wristlock on her sworn foe. And at the right, she seems to be saying: "What's a little eye-gouging among enemies, eh, Moolah . . . ?"

smile—trench mouth.' Pretty horrible of her, wasn't it?"

"Sure, but why are you sticking up for Moolah? She's said some nasty things about you. Like, 'Grable's got a figure that makes a bikini look like a seat cover.' "

"Moolah said that? It doesn't sound like the sweet, lovable Moolah I know," Judy said. "But then you can never really tell about people, can you?

"Naturally," she went on, smoothing the wrinkles in a zebra-striped suit that hugged her 5'6", 137-pound figure like a second skin, "I don't mind what she says about **me.** But the stories I've **heard** . . . !"

"Stories . . . ?"

"Oh, you know—the usual thing . . ."

"Like what?"

"Well, I don't make a habit of repeating unflattering remarks, BUT, let's face it, Moolah is a very vain woman."

"Vain? In what way?"

"Well, take all those fancy costumes she wears in and out of the ring . . ."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Nothing; that's just the point. But I overheard one woman take exception to them. 'Huh!' she said. 'Moolah's magnetic all right—everything she wears is charged.' "

"That's not true, Judy, and you know it."

"Sure I do. Moolah makes enough money to stuff a horse. And she's careful with it, too. But I can't help what people say."

"You don't really hate her, then, do you?"

. . . But "Slave Girl" Moolah doesn't like to waste time kidding around. Here, she gives Grable plenty to howl about with a reverse arm twist.

"Of course not. If she broke a leg, I'd be the first one to send her flowers."

"You've wrestled her how many times now?"

Judy gazed into space and started counting on her fingers. Then she stopped. "I don't really know. But I could recognize that face anywhere—even in a dark alley."

"Did you ever get mad enough at her to want to beat her up?"

"Angry, yes. Mad, no. But I know a lot of other women wrestlers who did."

"What happened?"

"Well, one of them sent her a subscription to a confession magazine with a note attached."

"That's a pretty strange way of getting revenge. What did the note say?"

"It said something like she was leading such a wild life she ought to make some money out of it."

"What did that mean?"

"Oh, I suppose the girl figured the confession editors would be interested in Moolah's personal life story."

"That was pretty raw, wasn't it?"

"I don't think so. Moolah **is** a wild girl. Believe me, I know—I've tangled with her enough times."

"What else do other women say about her?"

"Well, they've always made remarks about her looks. Now, personally, I think she's a very attractive woman."

"But the others don't think so?"

"No. They say she's the kind of girl a boy would take to a drive-in theater—and watch the movies."

"But that's ridiculous. She may look menacing—but that's all part of the show."

"Of course. That's what I've always said."

"Then it's not true that you hate Moolah?"

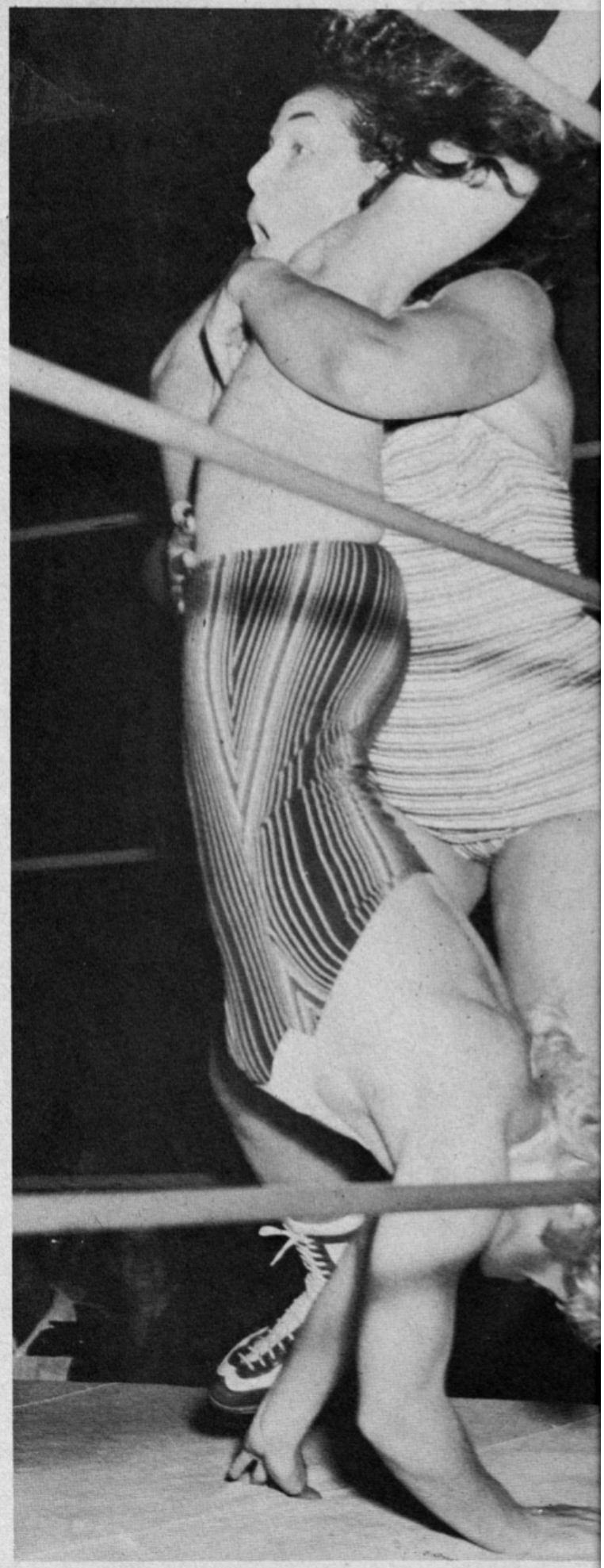
Judy smiled sweetly. "Of course," she said. "But don't tell **her** that. She might start liking me. And I couldn't stand **that**!"

"Why not?"

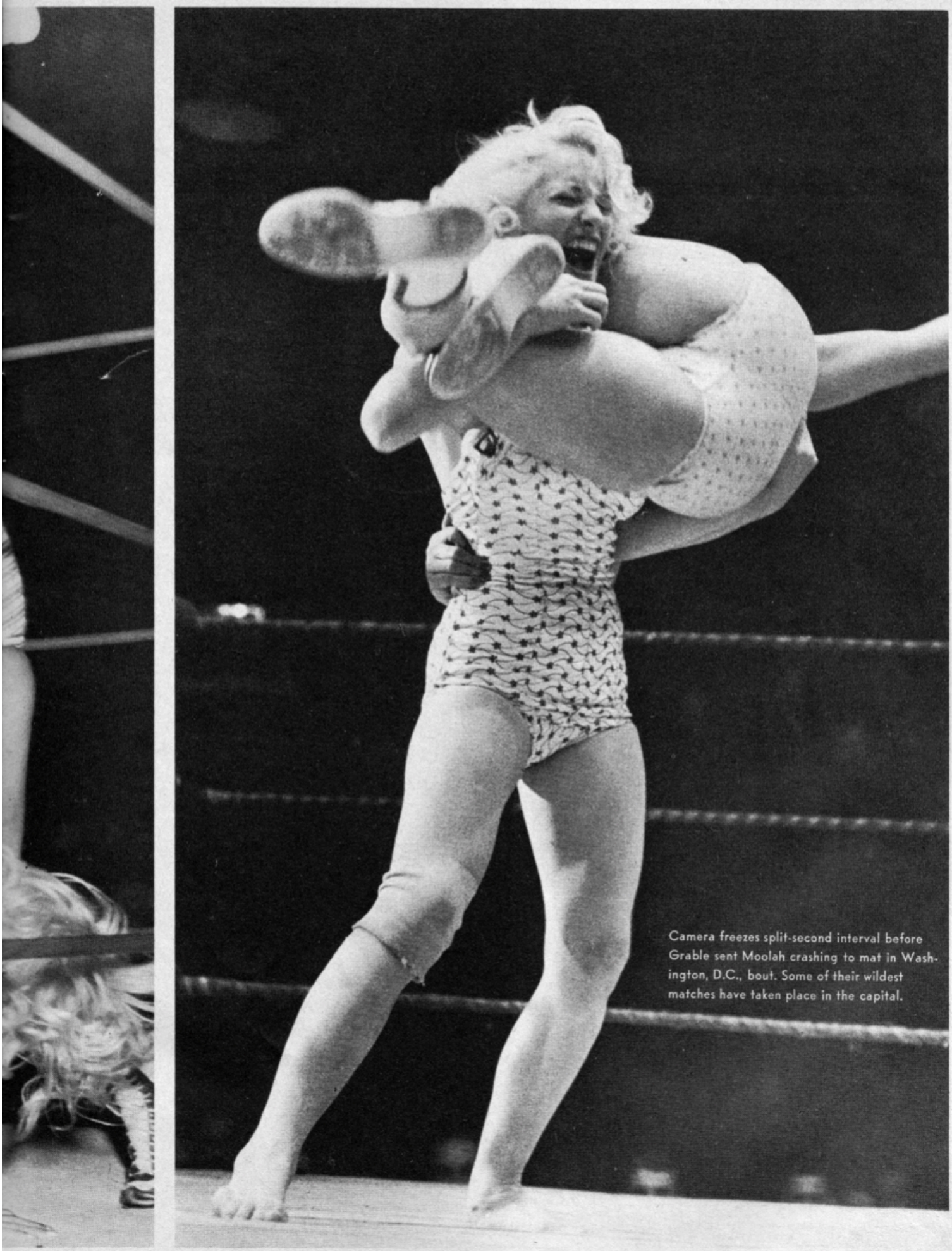
"Well, she might think I was kidding. And you know what the salesgirl said to the customer . . ."

"No, what did she say?"

"She said to the girl, 'Don't use this perfume if you're bluffing . . .'" ■

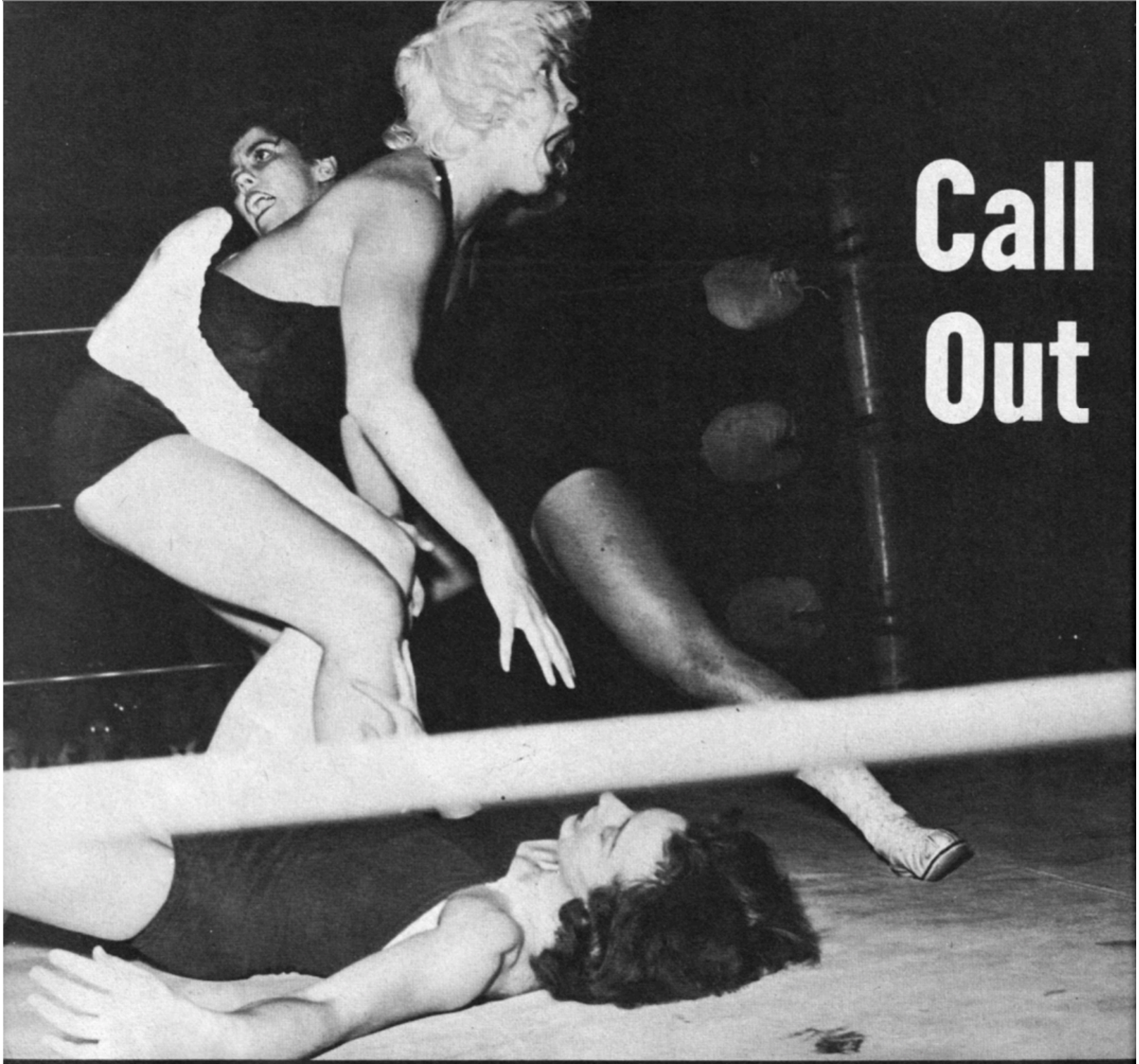


Judy and Moolah have wrestled each other so many times they can't stand the sight of one another. So you can imagine how things are when they get this close. Judy clamped on this flying leg scissors after cartwheeling clear across the ring.



Camera freezes split-second interval before Grable sent Moolah crashing to mat in Washington, D.C., bout. Some of their wildest matches have taken place in the capital.

Call Out



No, Lorraine Johnson's not yowling for the cops; she's yowling with pain as Kay Noble (down) and Laura Martinez gang up on her.

As everybody knows, whenever Texans get to talking about big battles they're generally referring to those with Mexico. But down Amarillo way, the battle that still makes their pulses pound had no Mexicans in it at all . . .

. . . Just four girls. But what girls! Four of the toughest female wrestlers in the business. And on a sultry night a few years ago they put on a violent exhibition that Texans will remember as long as the Alamo.

The 7,000 fans who jammed the arena knew they were about to see some furious action between top-flight tag teams—Kay Noble-Laura Martinez versus Lorraine Johnson-Penny Banner. But they never suspected that the bout would turn into a shambles with unprecedented results.

The pre-match ballyhoo had all the usual trimmings. Nursing grudges from a previous draw bout, the girls were said to be itching for a chance to settle matters for good.

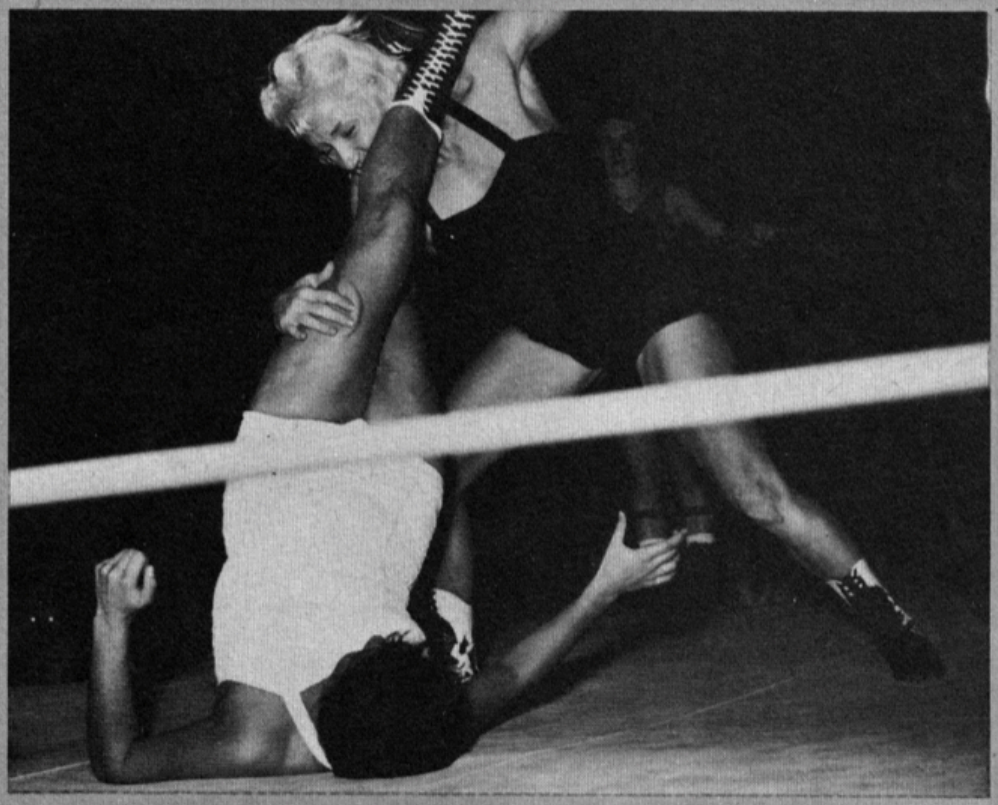
They nearly had it out that very afternoon when Kay Noble, the young St. Joseph, Mo., phenomenon, made some slurring remarks about veteran Lorraine Johnson's interest in guns.

Said Noble: "When we get through with her tonight, there won't be enough left of her to shoot."

The fans expected fireworks when Kay Noble and Laura Martinez clashed with Lorraine Johnson and Penny Banner—and they weren't disappointed. But nobody could have anticipated the shocking aftermath...

the PADDY WAGON!

By Rick Lacey



Johnson is not taking a bite out of Martinez' calf, though that's probably what she's thinking of as Laura clamps her in a painful leg scissors and rubs those heavy boots on her neck.

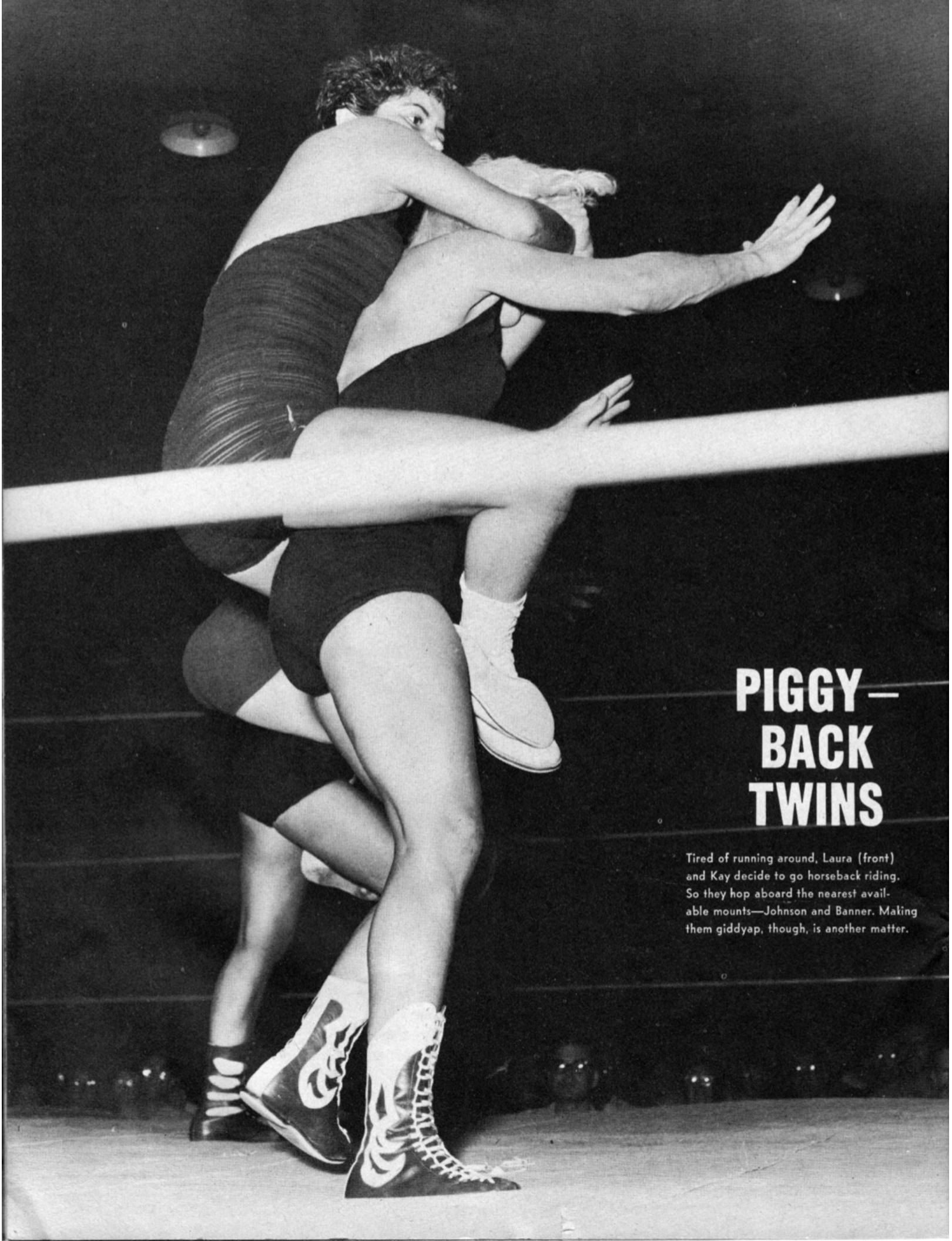
And Lorraine, known as the "Spitfire" from Red Wing, Minn., had retorted: "Kay Noble got her reputation beating up little children and old ladies. Wait till she gets a taste of my flying scissors. She won't have any tongue left to talk with . . ."

Martinez and Banner were engaged in their own private duel but what they said to each other can't be printed. We know one thing about Martinez, though—this fiery Mexican can out-talk almost anybody from the Rio Grande to Acapulco.

Bombs started bursting the moment Noble and Banner lit out of their corners. Kay must have slipped just before they clashed and Penny landed on her like a ton of cement. Then she started giving her a working over that made even the referee cringe.

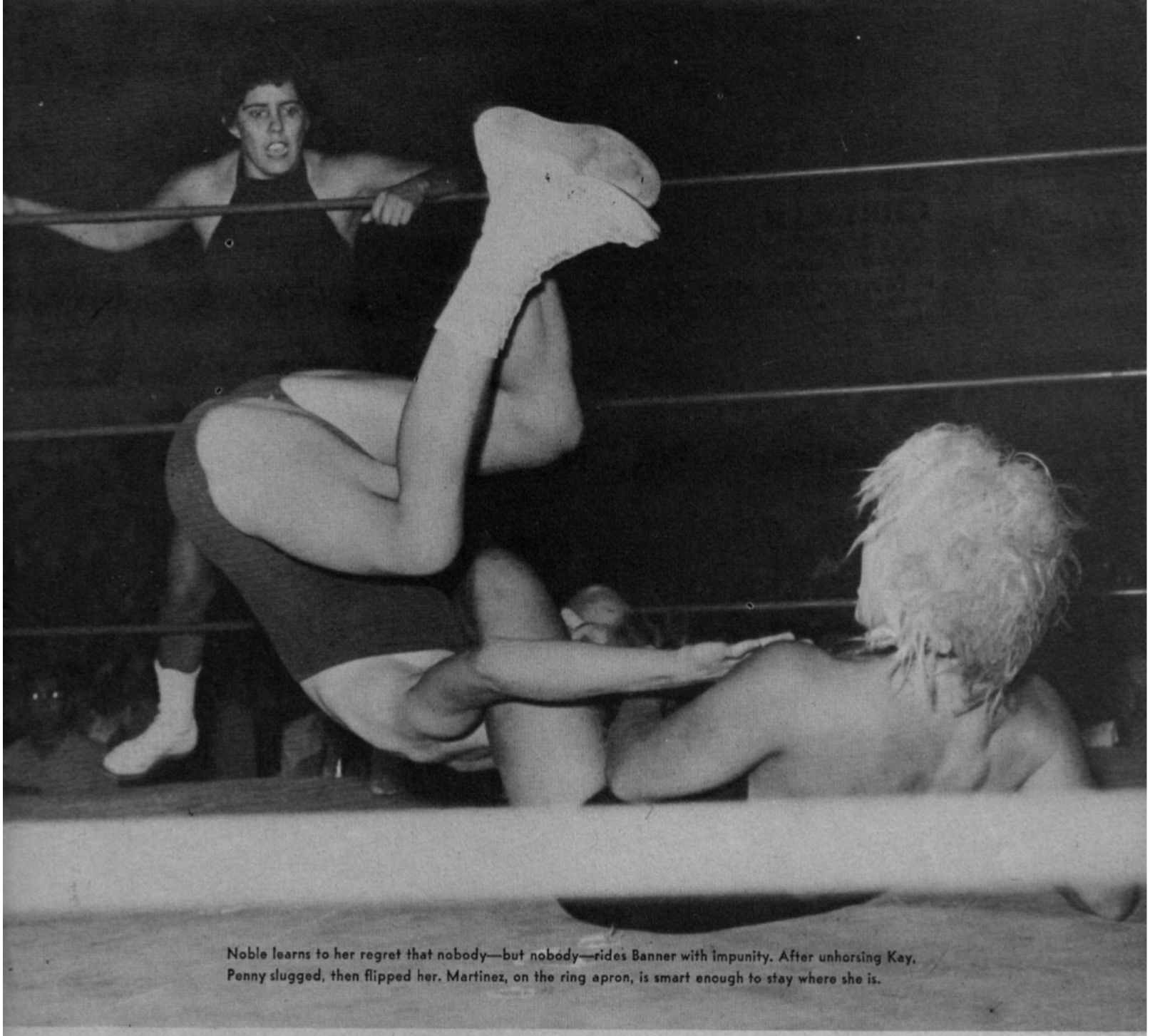
In fact, he was so glazed by the violence that he didn't hear Laura Martinez shouting "Foul! Foul!" Finally, Laura took things into her own hands and streaked in to aid her teammate. Together they proceeded to give Penny the lumps, Kay kicking up at her from the canvas and Laura whomping her from the rear.

Where was Lorraine Johnson all this time? Trying to penetrate that tangle of arms and legs flailing all over the ring like pinwheels. To break up



PIGGY—BACK TWINS

Tired of running around, Laura (front) and Kay decide to go horseback riding. So they hop aboard the nearest available mounts—Johnson and Banner. Making them giddyap, though, is another matter.



Noble learns to her regret that nobody—but nobody—rides Banner with impunity. After unhorsing Kay, Penny slugged, then flipped her. Martinez, on the ring apron, is smart enough to stay where she is.

the action, she had to use her body like a battering ram.

Kay and Penny needed a rest after that furious tussle—and leaped onto the apron while their partners, Martinez and Johnson, battled it out in mid-ring.

But Noble couldn't remain idle long and, when she saw Johnson kneeing Laura in very vulnerable places, she charged in and blasted Lorraine clear across the ring.

Then both Kay and Laura caught Lorraine on the ropes and started mangling her with great relish. This brought Banner hurtling into the fray. First she clubbed Noble from the rear. Then she kicked Martinez in the gut. Finally she and Lorraine drove their foes out of the ring with an attack that sent the crowd into a frenzy.

But that was only a mild sample compared to what happened after Johnson and Banner were awarded the first fall over the strenuous protests of their opponents.

Kay came out for the second fall with one objective: to chew up Banner as fast as she could. As it turned out, Penny did most of the chewing, trying to get out of Kay's headlocks and leg scissors.

The bites didn't produce any blood but they aroused the crowd to a wild pitch. And as all four girls blasted away, spilling out onto the apron and the concrete floor, the fans got caught up in the

All four girls spilled out of the ring as the bout neared its climax. Here, Penny waits to give Johnson a hand as Lorraine tries to snatch a chair to clobber Kay and Laura, who lie stunned on the floor.

After the fury . . . repentence . . .

Johnson looks worried as she is booked after the riot. "Why blame us?" she later told the judge. "It wasn't our fault."

Penny can't believe this is happening to her. "I think it's outrageous," she said. But all her protests were in vain.

And what was hot-tempered Laura Martinez' reaction? Amusement, as you can see for yourself. "Silly bizneez," she said.

frenzy and joined the melee.

In a moment, the ringside exploded into turmoil, with fans, referees, police and performers all clawing and mauling and shoving. And chairs bashing over heads and pop bottles crashing against the ceiling, splattering brownish fluid all over the battlers.

Then somebody yelled: "Call out the paddy wagon!" It was a booming voice and it had a miraculously cooling effect on the crowd. But the cops needed a scapegoat for the rumpus—and they picked on the girls . . .

. . . Actually arrested them. It was unheard of—and the girls said so, with all sorts of wild gestures. But their protests got them nowhere. After they were booked at the local police station, they were thrown into the clink. There they stayed until the next morning when they were bailed out by Dr. Karl Sarpolis, the local promoter.

The girls were both repentent and defiant at the hearing later. "We didn't mean to cause any trouble," said Noble. "We just got a little too excited. But the ones who are really to blame are those hotheaded fans."

The judge appeared to be listening gravely but on his lips was the suspicion of a smile.

"Would any of you other girls like to make any extenuating remarks before I pass sentence?" he asked.

"Yes, Your Honor," said Lorraine Johnson. "I think all those trouble-makers ought to be rounded up and fined for what they did."

Well, the judge didn't think that was a very practical idea. Still the crowd was partly responsible for what had happened. And in cognizance of this, he merely fined the girls a dollar each and warned them to behave like ladies in the future.

That wasn't a very practical suggestion, either. As one of the witnesses said after the hearing: "Whoever heard of four tigresses acting like ladies? Why, it'd be like asking a chimpanzee to give up eating bananas."

It wasn't a very flattering comparison—but he made his point ■

When she landed behind bars with partner Noble, Martinez (left, below) didn't find things amusing at all. In the adjoining cell (above), Johnson and Banner (right) seethe with resentment.

. . . And then a cooling-off period in the cooler

JUNE BYERS' FINISHING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

How does a girl go about becoming a professional wrestler? Until a few months ago, all she could do was go begging. But all that has been changed. Now she can go to a very special school.

June personally interviews all applicants. L. to r. are: Pat Howard, Carmen Biryas, Estella Rodriguez and Sheila Walsmith.

While pupils look on, Byers demonstrates leg hold on Ann Faires, a pretty blonde who's shown an amazing aptitude for the sport.

TV wrestling announcer Sam Menacker waved his hand at the mail piled high on wife June Byers' desk and said with a hopeless shrug:

"What are you going to do with those girls, June? They all want to become wrestlers in the worst way. And they want your help . . ."

Sam paused, then snorted: "The only way you could help them—*really* help them—would be to open a wrestling school . . ."

Lost in thought, June sifted the letters through her fingers. Finally, she looked up at Sam and said: "Why not?"

"Why not *what*?" said Sam, whose mind was already racing over a dozen other matters.

"Start a wrestling school for women," June said.

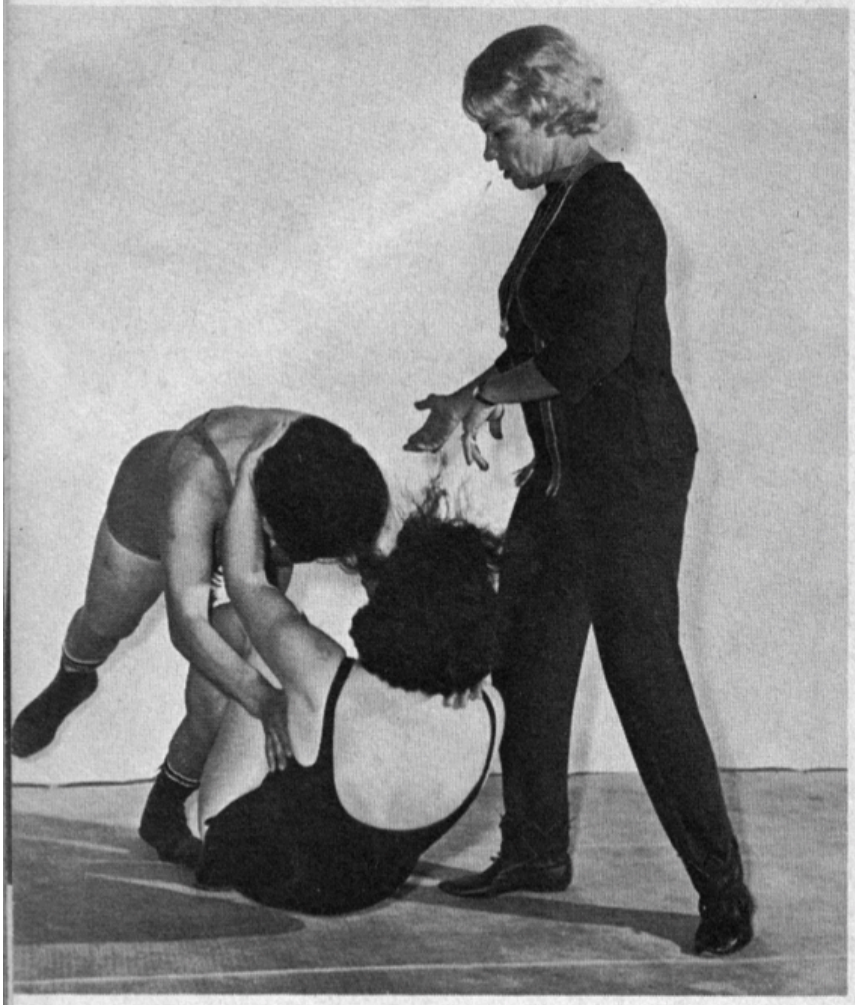
Sam threw up his hands. "Honey, I know your heart's in the right place. But where would you find the time?"

June smiled patiently. "You said the same thing when I began taking organ and piano lessons. Remember?"

Sam knew when he was licked. "All right, all right," he grumbled. "But I always wind up doing the work."

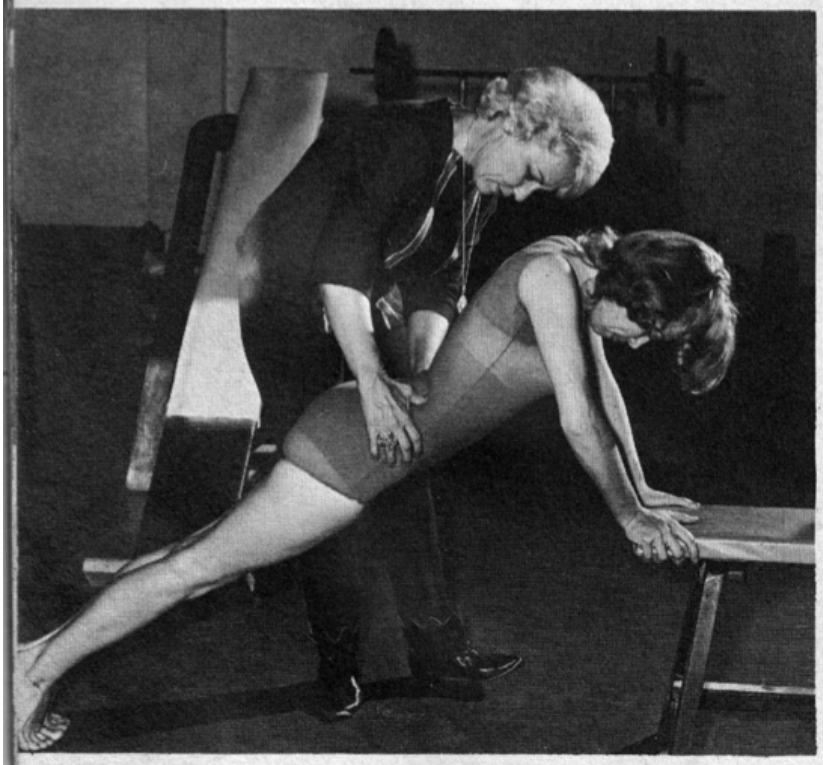
"Liar," she said sweetly.

Whenever Byers decides to do something, she acts fast. The Hercules Health Studio in El Paso, Texas, has a spacious gym. June rented it, adver-



After teaching the girls some fundamentals, June puts 'em to work. Here, Pat Howard (black suit) gets ready to flip Carmen Biryas.

Mrs. Howard didn't quite follow through right and Byers teaches her where to place her foot so as to exert maximum leverage.



June gives Ann Faires some special tips on how to develop her stomach and back muscles. "It's tough work," Ann said later.

tised in the newspapers and in no time at all her school was going full blast.

Among the first applicants was a bright-eyed, solidly-built brunette named Pat Howard. She had her husband, "Lucky," in tow. "Lucky" looked like any guy trying to humor his wife. He figured Pat would get cold feet at the last moment. But she surprised him by signing up.

As June bid them goodby at the gym door, "Lucky" clapped a hand to his forehead in despair. "What am I getting into?" he moaned. "Imagine what the boys at the office will say when I tell 'em Pat's training to become a wrestler!"

Just then another student strolled into the gym. Or maybe "glided" would be a better word. This was blonde Ann Faires, a Grace Kelly kind of beauty. Ann has already shown a lot of promise. Like Pat, she's a local girl. Others hail from as far away as Canada and as near as the Mexican border town of Juarez.

June's youngest student is apple-cheeked, 14-year-old Sheila Walsmith, who is always accompanied by her mother Betty. Sheila's eyes light up when you ask her how it feels to be working out with June. "It's wonderful!" she says.

Thousands of girls across the country would be just as excited if they had Sheila's opportunity, because they know they couldn't find a better teacher than June Byers.

Running a wrestling school has been one of June's biggest ambitions. She started thinking about it a long time ago but couldn't do much about it because of her strenuous schedule.

Continued on Page 66

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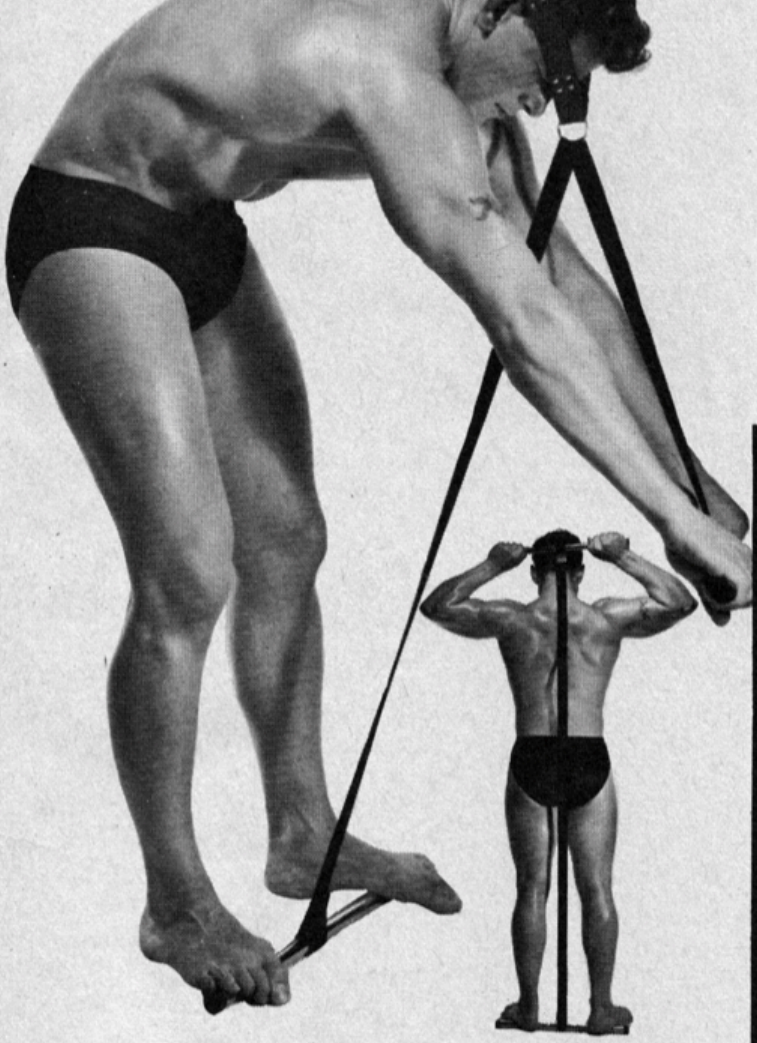

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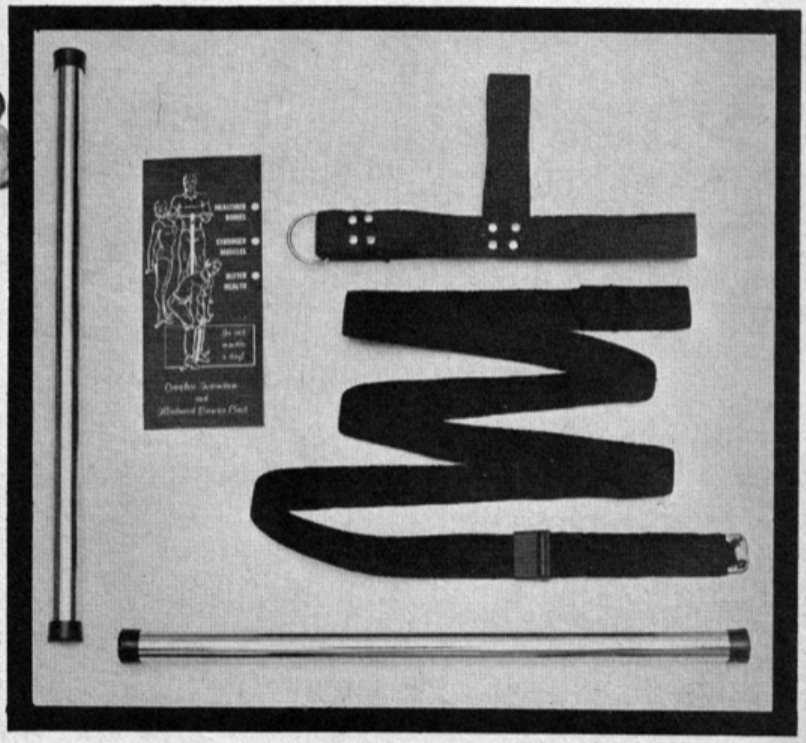

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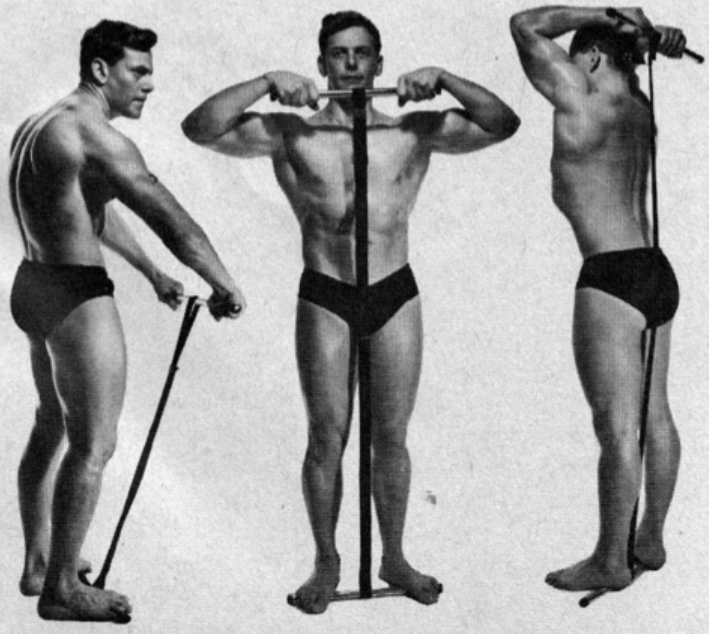

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"Lucky" Howard holds his head in mock despair as wife Pat meets June to start her first day of training at health studio gym.

Continued from Page 64

Still, she found time to counsel some of the hopefuls who besieged her while she was on the road. And whenever she was quartered in one spot for any length of time, she went out of her way to train promising prospects.

One of them who made good in a big way is Penny Banner. Others who have learned their trade from Byers are Terry Rainier, Jackie Ham-

Continued on Page 68

Resigned to the fact that Pat is serious about becoming a wrestler, "Lucky" rubs her down and says, "You looked great, honey!"

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Part of the training is devoted to judo. Here, an expert demonstrates a maneuver that might come in handy during a match.

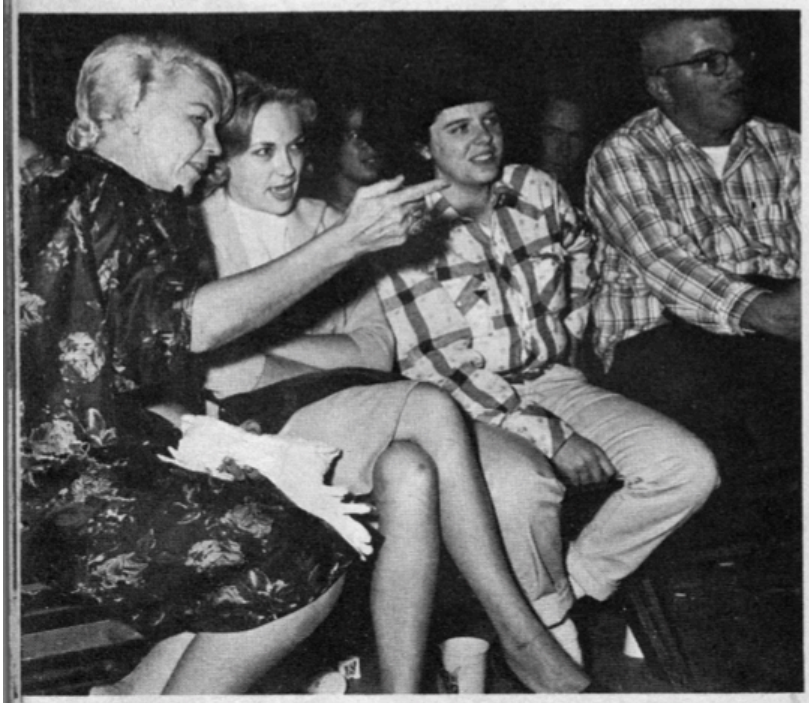
Continued from Page 66

mond, Rose Royce, Darlene Shields, Princess White Dove and Lilly Bitter, who recently retired after getting married.

Byers is not interested solely in developing top-notch women wrestlers. She also wants to upgrade the profession. So her school includes a "finishing" course in proper dress, hair styling, makeup, etiquette, public speaking, physical and mental hygiene and diet.

Why all these extras? Explains June: "Many people think of women wrestlers as crude, hard-talking types lacking all the social graces. Well, I want to change that image. Any girl graduating from my school will be a lady in every sense of the word."

What qualifications does a girl need to join the school? Says June, who personally interviews all applicants: "She must, of course, have good character and preferably a high school education, though that's not a requirement. Those under 18 must have written consent from their parents or guardians."



After gym workouts, students get to see the real thing. June explains pro wrestling techniques to Ann Faires and Pat Howard.

The girls are given a thorough course in wrestling techniques—and that includes a session in the deadly art of karate. Those are real bricks being demolished by a member of school's staff.

Once a girl is accepted, she is given a physical examination by Dr. Paul Rivera, official physician for El Paso's International Wrestling Enterprises. Then she buckles down to work learning judo, karate and Olympic-style wrestling as well as the catch-as-catch-can variety used by all pros today.

Helping Byers develop her future stars is a staff that includes some top male wrestlers. As a special treat, June takes her students to the matches and gives them a running commentary on the action. The girls love it.

June loves it, too—the whole operation. "It's the most exciting thing I've done in years—and an awful lot of fun," she says.

She was so excited she almost forgot to tell us where girls could get in touch with her. When we reminded her, she grinned: "Of course—how could I have overlooked that? Tell them to write me in care of the Hercules Health Studio at 806 Texas Avenue here in El Paso."

Then she winked and said: "If you happen to see my husband on your way out, will you do me a favor? Don't say anything to him about my forgetting to mention the address. He's funny about little things like that!" ■

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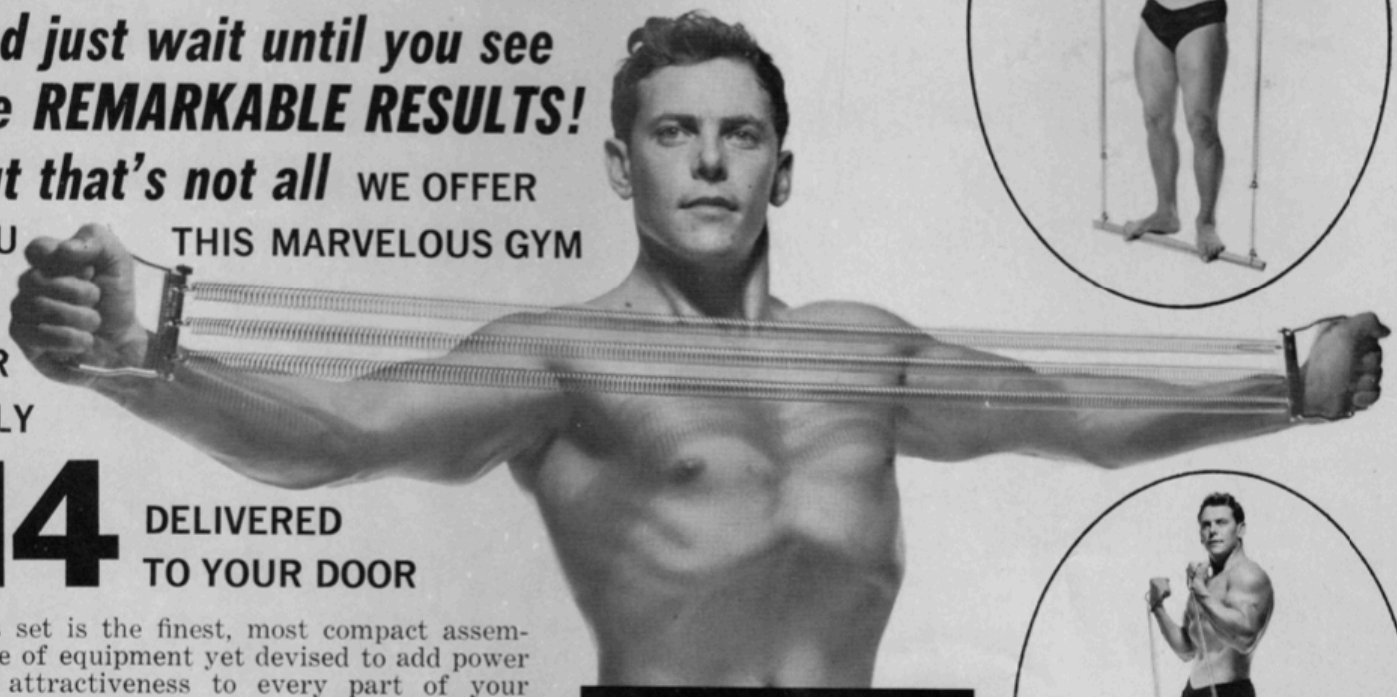

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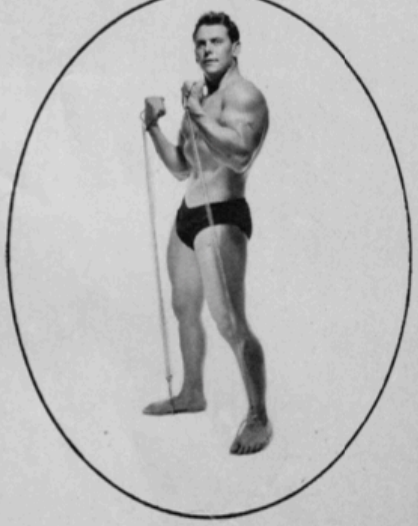

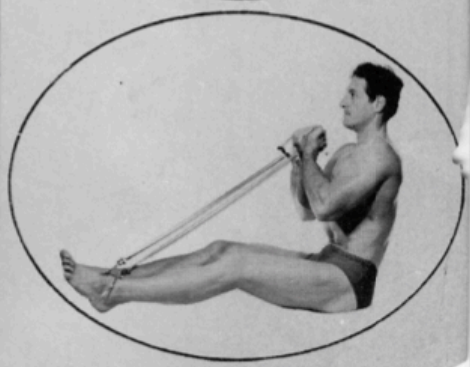

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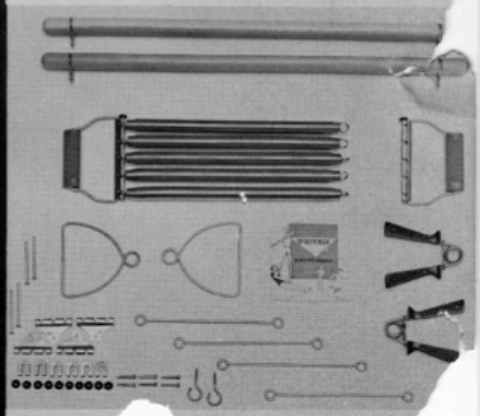

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